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EVENING.

With the fading lights of evening,
Pass the cares of Life away ;
There is silence on the ocean,
Peace falls on the dying day.

Sea-birds float on lazy pinion ;
On the distance, hangs a haze ;
Ships, like specks, upon the waters,
Catch my vacant, wand'ring gaze.

And I wonder where they're sailing,
Whither go they-to what port ;
And what freight, or human cargo,
Carry they, with timbers taut.

Too, I think how Earth is sailing,
Thro' an infinite sea of blue ;
Like a gallant ship that's making
Port for me, and port for you.

And I wonder what our life is,
What shall be the end of all,
In the sure, but dusky, future,
When Time's evening shadows fall.

What shall be the end of travel ?
Sail we on a shoreless sea ?
Shall the spirit seek for ever,
Bounds to dim Eternity ?

Are the Universes endless,
And these worlds but ports of call ?
How I long to know the mystery,
Hid beyond this swirling ball !

Herbert Porter.

IN CHILD'S REALM

By V. Thangaswami

...........A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?
—*Wordsworth.*

"At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,
And then the whining school-boy, with
[his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like
[snail
Unwillingly to school."—*Shakespeare.*

George Henry Payne, in his book, *The Child in Human Progress*, says, "More has been written about the child in the last 50 years than had been written in the world in all the civilised times up to the beginning of this half-century."

One can indicate the various phases of childhood, portrayed in different hues by different thinkers, seers, poets, philosophers and religionists. They were child-lovers, and chose the child as the vehicle of their teachings, demonstrating to the world in ample measure the theory that infancy and childhood go hand-in-hand with philosophy and religion.

Says Mr. K. S. Ramaswami Sastri in his book on *Sir Rabindranath Tagore*, "The paintings of the Madonna and her child in the West, the beautiful story of Krishna's boyhood in Gokula, the description of Parvathi's girlhood and Sri Subramania's boyhood as found in Kalidasa's *Kumarasambhava*, the delineation of Bharata in Kalidasa's *Sakuntala*, the description of the little child in *Silas Marner*, and innumerable other instances, will occur to all. In our religion, the realisation of the child's place in our spiritual economy is vivid and full. A religion, that worships God as child in Vinayaka, Subramania and Balakrishna, cannot be charged with any lack of appreciation of the beauty of the child-soul."

Does not the reader remember how Longfellow, the poet perhaps best-loved by children in America, sings of the innocent glories of childhood?

"Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark before.

Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

What are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?"

Was it any wonder that children loved Longfellow; that they wrote him letters and greeted him whenever they met him in the streets; that in Cambridge, where he lived, they commemorated his seventy-second birthday, by presenting him with a beautiful arm-chair made from the "spreading chest-nut tree," under which the "village

smithy stood," of which he had so beautifully sung?

As I read the above lines of Longfellow, I am forcibly reminded of the great Galilean, the lover of little ones, who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." On another occasion, when one of his disciples asked Jesus, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" He called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

Among the lake poets of England, Wordsworth is an outstanding figure, combining in an unique fashion the rare qualities of a poet and a philosopher. To him, "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." His *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, "an inspired invocation to the child," reveals with beauty and truth his recollections of early childhood.

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

... ...
... ...

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

....
....
....

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

....
....
....
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
....
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
....
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Wordsworth has thus given excellent expression to the sublimity of childhood in what may be called the most haunting poetry in the English language. He longs to be a child all through his life; and since he cannot do so he wishes his life could be "rounded with a sleep." He says,

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

The future of the child is a matter of grave concern and alarm to Wordsworth. He cries out,

"O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years."

The self-same idea is reiterated in his *Prelude* thus—

"Our childhood sits,
Our simple childhood sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements.
I guess not what this tells of Being past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come;
But so it is; and, in that dubious hour,
That twilight—when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,
And, in the long probation that ensues,
....
We know where we have friends."

Saint Thiruvalluvar is famous in Tamil Literature for his epigrammatic sayings on most abstruse subjects, the collection of which is known as *Thirukural.* In the seventh chapter of this book, he says,

"The flute is sweet,
And the guitar dulcet:
So they say, who have
Not heard the babbling
Speech of their little ones."

Tagore's love of children is great. When one comes across the following passage in *The Crescent Moon,* one assuredly feels that there is a superb touch of saintliness about children:

"On the seashore of endless worlds, children meet. The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of

endless worlds, the children meet with shouts and dances.

"They build their houses with sand and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

"They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

"The sea surges up with laughter and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach.

"On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children."

Again, it is through the medium of the inquisitive little boy in his *Post Office* that Tagore brings home to the readers the philosophy of the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

The votaries of Islam remind us of the lines of Saddi: "Remember the day when you were born. All were laughing but you were crying; lead such a life that when you die, while others weep, you go laughing."

I wish that all children may, as they grow older, learn the true sense of conduct from the poet who has said:

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought."

A HAPPY HOME.

The sweetest and happiest homes—homes to which men in weary life look back with yearnings too deep for tears; homes whose recollections linger round our manhood like light and the sunshine and the sweet air, into which no base things intrude—are homes where brethren dwell together in unity: where, because all love God, all love their brothers also; where, because all are very dear to all, each is dearer to each than to himself.

Canon Farrar.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN ON PUBLIC LIFE

By Kamala

FROM all sides now, both from men and from women, we get the demand that women should work together with men, freely and without distinction in all public matters. This has been emphasised by several speakers throughout India ; and has met with a wide response, not only from mixed bodies of enquiry like the Round Table Conference, the Simon Commision and the Franchise Committee, but also from influential people of our own extensive country. The latter fact is amply proved by three considerations; first that the improvement of the scope, condition and education of women is a very progressive one; second, that women are being admitted into many professions closed to them before; third, that they are being elected to Local, Municipal and Legislative bodies everywhere.

This is as it should be, for even in our cosmopolitan India the equal rights of women with men were recognised from time immemorial, even indeed from the ancient mythological ages, when the God Siva was portrayed as sharing his body with his consort. The advance of women has two great and good results, like the quality of Mercy, which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It benefits not only women as it must, but also benefits those with whom they become associated ; for it gives them that sweet contact with the softer, gentler, tenderer, more tactful section of humanity, which is so necessary now in these hard days of matter-of-fact materialism and selfish individualism. There is no denying the inference that the salvation of India depends on the increase of useful femininity, which means the growing strength of educated and advanced citizenship among the women of India.

There are several ways and methods by which woman can make her refining touch felt in public life. But, at the outset, be it understood lest it should rouse the antagonism of the stronger half of humanity, that, when I ascribe refinement to women, I do not for a moment deny that virtue to men. Certainly not; but I do say that it is more apparent in women and more on the surface, because it is not submerged by other matters, as it is in men with their wider sphere of action. Women appear kinder and gentler on account of the very nature of the duties, which have hitherto been assigned to them, and which, whatever may be said, must form the basis of their activities, even when they advance further. And this raises another question. When women take an equal part with men in every phase of life, will they lose their more

softening touch? One hopes not, even while averring that it cannot be so; for, it cannot be denied that, however equal women may become to men, there is yet a certain something in men, notably on the side of physical strength, which cannot be reached by women; and herein, to balance this inherent superiority in man, lies the inherent superiority of women, their womanhood in fact, that charming, pleasant beauty of body and mind, which manhood can never attain.

The profession, in which Indian women have made themselves more felt than anywhere else, is that of teaching, We know the value of the mother to the child and the girl; and the highest tribute that can be paid to a woman-teacher of the young is that she can in some measure take the place of a mother. She can therefore be very valuable as such alone; but in modern days her sphere has been widened. She is being admitted even as a teacher to grown-up boys; and here her influence for good cannot be underrated. Discipline, of course, may suffer, but the instilling of chivalry for the members of the weaker sex, and through them to those wanting assistance in any way, will be remarkable. The same thing can be said of medicine. One of the accusations under which a man-doctor sometimes suffers is that, by constant intercourse with pain, he becomes callous to, and unsympathetic with, suffering. I think that such a charge can never be laid on the best woman-doctor available. Where indeed can a woman's gentle touch be transcended, especially in hospitals and sick houses? Moreover, under certain circumstances, women-doctors are the best for women-patients, especially in *gosha*-ridden India. Think of a man-doctor feeling a patient's pulse through a hole in the purdah, or examining her heart with a stethoscope placed in position by a woman-friend; or sounding a sick person, whose face is covered! Yet such things have happened.

A woman's influence in sanitation and health-work is great. Where cleanliness has to be taught without offence to ignorant people, it is the woman's tact, which counts more than a man's thoroughness. She is also well-suited to Child-welfare and Maternity work.

The same kindliness, womanly tact and tenderness will be very helpful in rural reconstruction, village work, social reform, social service and other forms of social work. It has often, no doubt, been said that women are *catty* with each other; but I think that there is nothing like a woman to draw out another woman and get the best or the worst out of her.

A woman's hand can be seen to advantage in city-planning, garden-arrangements and house-decoration.

She can also use her influence for good on Legislative bodies, District Boards and Municipal Councils. In such institutions, a woman's presence counts for much, as it induces courtesy, chivalry, thoughtfulness, and above all conduces towards an absence of hot arguments and quarrelsome interference. I have been told by a woman-friend, who was on a District-board that, when she happened to be absent from a meeting, there arose a big argument about something trivial, from which arose much bad feeling!

I am very glad women are now

being given many places in Bench Courts as Honorary Magistrates. This is a great step forward. So is that of a woman standing for election, instead of seeking nomination by government. I once enquired of a man-friend whether he thought women's tactics could be any better than those of men canvassing for votes. He said certainly they could be so; for there would be dignity and reserve present, as well as modesty and reticence in not making too rash promises in return for votes, added to a great avoidance of certain questionable methods! One might also say, that women seem to be less touched then men by communal feeling in their patriotism. May they always remain so!

In politics, therefore, women can do much. The very fact sometimes that they have thought fit to interest themselves practically in a certain business, will add weight to that business. We know for certain how effective women were, and are, in *Swadeshi* campaigns.

As Presidents, Secretaries, members of committees and active agents of clubs and associations, women can be very useful, while showing no want of efficiency, intelligence or energy in organising and practical service.

In all these departments, it can be said that sometimes women may spoil business. Where once before there was the most absolute discipline and order under the rule of mere men, the presence of women often conduces towards a certain gentle, but unmistakable, relaxation. Woman with her emotional impulses, her sometimes unnecessary instincts, and her one-sided ways of argument, will often disorganise instituted principles and methods; added to which her desire for admiration, her undoubted tendency to flirt, and her proneness constantly to add to her own charm, are sometimes rather disconcerting. This is to be regretted of course; but is not this state of things balanced by certain advantages? Besides, is not this very relaxation sometimes to be appreciated? What is the use of being entirely like a machine? Is not a human being to be something better and beyond that, and does not life need sofetening touches? But then, I know that the reply would be that everything should have its own place, and that business must be business. However, this is no place in which to discuss this question, as it tends to bring us out of the reach of this paper.

As Mrs. Subbaroyan said lately, every honour brings its own responsibility. It is granted that women must take part in every section of national life; but they must use their advantages wisely and prudently, keeping their own nationality without undue foreign imitation; fraternising happily with men and ready to shoulder equally the burdens of office, yet preserving their own womanliness by never neglecting their homes, which should indeed be their first duty; and never arrogating privileges to themselves without preparing themselves for the same.

A POETESS OF MODERN INDIA.

By Raman T. Parikh

THE name of Mrs. Naidu became popular among the intellectual classes of modern India, and well-known in Europe and America, through the appreciative essays of Arthur Symons and Edmund Gosse. There have been a number of poetesses in India as attractive as lilies in the valley, but, as a lyric poetess who has written in English, Mrs. Naidu is really the greatest and the most original, even as Dr. Tagore is the greatest poet of modern India. Mrs. Naidu is a less voluminous writer than Dr. Tagore, but the contents of her poems never fail to impress the readers with her peculiar originality. A critic actually states that she is superior to Tagore from a merely poetical point of view, though she cannot be compared with the greatness of the latter. The power of Mrs. Naidu is born from the native soil of India. She is not a clever mechanical imitator of the West; but her thought is really "an expression of tropical and primitive emotions." The nature and soul of her country are well-expressed in her poems. She possesses the beauty, colour, and splendour of a queen; the fascination of full-grown womanhood; and the strong and saturating sense which conveys our imagination into the world of mystic inner happiness. The Eastern and Western cultures are skillfully interwoven in her; and the essence of real Eastern womanhood is seen in her, even though she uses the language of the West.

A biographical sketch of her will not be out of place. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu was born on 13th February, 1879, in Hyderabad (Deccan). Her father, Aghornath Chattopadhyaya, was a descendant of an old family of Brahmans, who are very well-known in Eastern Bengal as patrons of Sanskrit and as honest observers of the *Yoga*. She herself was honoured with the title of Doctor of Science by the Edinburgh University in 1897, and afterwards her ability speedily obtained recognition in other Universities.

She was the eldest of the family. Her father was very earnest about her education. We cannot hear her own story without feeling that her father's affection was warmest for her. Mrs. Naidu was taught English from her girlhood, which she did not like altogether. One, day when she was nine years old, she was confined by her father to a room all day long as a punishment for her reluctance to learn English, whereby she was roused and became at last a great English scholar. Her father intended at first to make her a scientist or a mathematician, but her poetical genius led her into another world. When she was 11 years old, we are told that one day, being puzzled to solve a problem of Algebra, she wrote a poem instead of the answer to the problem. This was the first step in her poetical career. When she was 13, she wrote 1300 lines within only six

days; she also wrote without any preparation a long drama of 2000 lines. She continually wrote down her impressions; and her precocity and wonderful talent gained her the name of the "Infant Prodigy". Her frail constitution was further impaired in health by her studies and she was prohibited by her doctor at last from much reading and writing. We are told indeed that more than half of the books she ever read were gone through between 14 and 16 years of age.

She passed the Entrance examination of the Madras University when she was 12 years old, which fact created a great sensation in India. When she was 15 years, a great incident took place in her life. This was her romance with Dr. Govindaraju Naidu (physician to H.H. the Nizam). The family of Doctor Naidu was not Brahmin, although it was a distinguished one. Not only did objection come from her father, but also from the family of Dr. Naidu. Sarojini went to England in 1895 as a scholar of the Nizam's University and at first studied at King's College in London and then at Girton. Her sojourn in England for 3 years gave her stimulus and encouragement. Her knowledge of English became greatly refined and she gained the acquaintance of Symons and Gosse. In September 1898, she returned to Hyderabad and married Dr. Naidu, breaking the long-established custom of caste-discrimination, in spite of the objections and sneers of the greater part of India.

Her maiden work, "*The Golden Threshold*" (issued in London in 1905), was welcomed in India and won great admiration in Europe and America. This book has been praised wherever English poetry is appreciated. There is a beautiful episode about the circumstances under which it was written. When the poetess was 16 years old, studying at King's College, she brought a little bundle of her poetry to Edmund Gosse and asked him for criticism. It was admirably written from the point of view of substance and form, but it was an imitation of English poems and lacked individuality. Gosse advised her to disregard the old manuscript and write with Indian consciousness a poem that should spring from the great ground of India. The poetess, who as we know is a woman of talent, understanding and a strong artistic sense, accepted this advice heartily, threw away her manuscript and sang to India with her young Indian soul; the result was "The Golden Threshold". In 1912, she published the "Bird of Time", in which it can be seen that her sentiments became more ripened, her view of life more evolved, and her poetical talent more glorious. The poetess, who had always been advised by Gosse to return to India, prayed from the bottom of her heart that she might construct a new India of high tone in her verses. In response, she was touched by a great spirit and inspired by courage to accomplish her mission. She is certainly a patriotic poetess, stimulating Indian women to growth. In this collection of poems, there are not a few which are full of the voices of racial consciousness, rich with newly-awakened power.

Mrs. Naidu, whose literary activity has not been heard of since she published "*The Broken Wing*," has gained immense popularity by her

silvery eloquence. Her intonation is always vivacious, her voice is wonderfully penetrating, and her topics are always chosen from interesting current events and expressed in flowery language, full of fancy, sentiment, emotion and intuition. Her graceful manner also and her charming presence have contributed to her popularity. The poetess, first of all, makes her appeal to students, who adore her as their idol. She exhorts them to live pure and earnest lives in honour of their beloved country. She has also never spared her efforts in the cause of Indian women, begging for their social freedom and insisting on sex-equality.

Mrs. Naidu, in response to the call of patriotic duty, went to England at the time of the Round Table conference, in order to stand by the Indian representatives. She visited European countries afterwards and was welcomed everywhere, especially in Sweden. At the great meeting for International woman-suffrage held in Geneva, she delivered a very impressive speech, in which she pointed out and corrected some wrong ideas about the ability and real status of Indian women. At lectures in Paris and in the principal cities in England, she fascinated the audience by her telling eloquence. She went also to South Africa and America.

The title "*Peace Maker*" is most appropriate to Mrs. Naidu. It is her life-mission to bring both Hindus and Mohamedans together in the unity of the glorious civilization of several thousand years. She is also doing her very best to bring all castes together into one religious group. "Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's personal charms are many. Some of us, who are privileged to know her intimately, cannot but regard her with high admiration for some of her excellent personal qualities, which endear her to one and all who come into contact with her. Her exquisite courtesy, her child-like simplicity, combine to make her the most lovable of friends and the most courteous of hosts. She is the embodiment of the very highest culture that one can think of, having been the product of both Oriental and Occidental civilizations. A sense of culture greets one on entering her drawing-room, where dwells the very spirit of beauty, while comfort has not been neglected. There is a happy combination of beauty and comfort, side by side, beautiful objects of Eastern craft, richly-coloured carpets and curtains, flower vases containing clusters of flowers, seeking to please the aesthetic sense of visitors, while lounges meant for comfort-loving people are also provided. Though fragile in person, there is yet a dainty grace in Sarojini's personality. Of her eyes, it might be recalled, Arthur Symons, has said: 'Her eyes were like deep pools, and you seemed to fall through them into depths below depths.' Mrs. Naidu is an engaging conversationalist. Her wit and vivacity add zest to her conversation. Sarojini loves a company of friends more than anything else. When she was once told by her doctor that she should rest and not receive friends or visitors, she had dozens of them pouring into her room! People, who have only seen Sarojini move from town to town, like some royal personage in public life, hardly realise that she has another side to her life."

OLD WHITE ROADS

Could you by chance have lain where I have lain
    Among the lime trees, 'neath star-studded skies ;
Could you, my dear, have heard that haunting strain
    And dreamed with me, and watched the new moon rise ;
O had you paused, and in one moment's gaze
    Lifted your soul beyond all space and time,
And had you felt the breath of yesterdays
    Long vanished now ;—then in some other clime
Your body would have danced along with me
    Those old white roads familiar to you,
And with that swift rebirth of memory
    Your heart would suddenly have wakened too:
For in that brief all-comprehensive glance
    You might—ah, who can tell ;—have known Romance,

E. H. D' Alwis,
Colombo, Ceylon.

Sing, gay little bird in the trees,
    Pleased with the warmth of the mid-summer breeze,
You make my garden a glory of song,
    Oh, sweet little bird, linger long !

Shine, great golden sun in the skies,
    Your coming has opened the world's dreaming eyes,
We laugh and we sing, wrapt in your beam,
    Oh, great golden sun, stay whilst we dream !

Peep, little stars on Night's peaceful breast,
    Bring us the quiet we crave and the rest,
Bring peace and content to the weary and worn,
    Until we behold the shores of Dawn !

LELAND J. BERRY.

Mrs. Sneha Sobhana Rakshit, B. A., B. T. who has been appointed Tutor in English in the College Department of the Pithapuram Raja's College, Cocanada. She is the wife of Mr. B. B. Rakshit, M. A., Lecturer in the same College. Prior to her appointment, she was for some time tutor to the Raja Saheb's daughters at Pithapuram. She is the first lady to be appointed to a public institution in the Northern Circars.

11 FEB 1933
MADRAS

Mrs. M. S. Sreshta,

who was returned unopposed to the Mangalore Taluk Board. She is the first Lady to enter this Board. She is also a member of the Mangalore Municipal Council, of the South Kanara Secondary Education Board and of the University Extension Lectures Board a Lady Visitor to the Mangalore Jail; and Honoray Secretary of the Mangalore Ladies' Club.

Photos:—*Indian News Agency, Srirangam.*

[library stamp, illegible]

Miss Shaila Bala Das, Hony. Magistrate of Patna, is the first lady to be elected a Member of the Senate of the Patna University. This is the first time that the right of representation on the Senate has been granted to the Council of Women, which was recognised as a public body only recently.

Photo :—*Indian News Agency*, *Srirangam*.

AN OLD KINGDOM OF TRAVANCORE

By a Journalist

SIGNATI or the kingdom of Quilon, at the beginning was *Jayasimhanad*, which in course of time became corrupted into Desinganad. The old name came from its ruler Jayasimhan, who married the Queen of Kupakas and ruled Quilon. It is said that their son, Ravi Varma Kulasekhara, established his capital at Quilon and extended his territory by conquests up to Conjeevaram.

*   *   *

The Kings and Queens who ruled this kingdom were very powerful in those days and had 20,000 horsemen and many archers. In speaking of this Kingdom and its capital, Barbosa says (1503):—

"..............It is a great city and good seaport, which is named Coulam in which dwell many Moors and Gentiles and Christians. They are great merchants and very rich and own many ships with which they trade to Cholamandel, the island of Ceylon, Bengal, Malacca, Sumatra and Pegu ; these do not trade with Cambay. There is also in this city much pepper. They have a gentile King, a great lord of much territory and wealth and of numerous men-at-arms, who for the most part, are great archers."...........

When the Portugese Admiral Cabral was at Cochin, an attempt was made to bring him to Quilon for purposes of trade. But he seems to have declined the offer. But in 1502, when Vasco de Gama was at Cochin (during his 2nd visit to Cochin) the then Queen of Quilon sent him a message, requesting him to send two of his ships to Quilon to load them with pepper, but he again hesitated and replied to the Queen that since he had entered into a treaty with the King of Cochin he could only send ships to Quilon, if the King of Cochin allowed him to do so. The Queen of Quilon at once wrote to the King of Cochin and got the necessary permission, and the Portugese sent two of their ships to Quilon. The captains of these two ships were Diago Fernandez Pereira and Francisco Marecos. Joa de Sa Pereira, who went in the ship as the agent of the Portugese, went on shore and paid his respects to the Queen. He handed over to her a letter from Vasco de Gama and also a present of a handsome mirror and some curios. The Queen had the ships loaded with pepper and spices in 10 days and sent also some presents to Vasco de Gama.

When Alfonso de Albuquerque came to Cochin, he also sent vessels to Quilon, to trade for pepper. At this time the Raja of Quilon was a minor and the Queen Dowager ruled the kingdom as Regent. Albuquerque visited Quilon and had an interview

with the King. The following account of the interview will be read with much interest:— *"..............a meeting betwixt the King and the Captain was resolved on, and upon the day fixed the Captain ordered out six boats, armed and elegantly decorated with velvet at the stern, with flags flying, himself dressed in gold brocade, with gold chains and other ornaments in honor of his Sovereign: the crew were dressed also in form. The whole, being arranged, were ordered to lay close in with the beach and wait the coming of the King. In an hour the King came down, attended by an innumerable concourse of people, all marshalled in procession, according to their several degrees, the whole closing with the King seated cross-legged on an ivory chair and carried by four persons. The King was dressed in embroidered silk, with an upper robe of gold muslin: he wore rings of a considerable value and had on his head a crimson velvet cap highly ornamented with jewels and long chains of pearls and brilliants hanging from the top of the cap, with his hair flowing loose upon his shoulders. There were a number of elephants and Persian horses followed by the train, which made an elegant appearance. A number of various warlike instruments joined in the procession, playing as they passed. Soon as they arrived opposite to where the boats lay, they made a halt: immediately the captain made the signal for a salute from the ships, the band playing all the time; he then was rowed to the shore to have the honor of kissing the King's hand. The King, perceiving this, ordered all his people to retire some distance in order to convince the Portugese of the confidence he had in the Captain by meeting him alone. Compliments being paid and the ceremony being gone through, the following compact was mutually entered into by each party: that the King should annually grant to the Portugese all the spices which his territory produced, which we agreed to take at prices stipulated, paying for the same in goods at regulated prices. We also requested that, whoever was left as agent for the King of Portugal, should have right of punishment or trying any of his Portugese Majesty's subjects who should remain on the land. This the King granted, though with reluctance, considering it as an interference with his judicial right. The whole, being transcribed in silver letters, was properly signed and sealed and thus the matter was concluded..............................."

But this state of affairs did not continue long. The Moors wanted to get all the pepper for themselves and they influenced the Raja's ministers; this resulted in a war between the Quilon Raja's forces and the Portugese. Then again, peace was restored. Now there came a change in the Governorship. The new Governor, Lopo Soares de Albergaria, thought it most necessary to be on amicable terms with the Raja of Quilon and so he sent messengers from Cochin to conclude a treaty with him. The Raja at this time was a minor. "His elder sister, known as Ali Pandari Rani and styled as Attingal Tampuratti (the Rani of Attingal), reigned as Regent and was a friend of the Portugese." This Rani concluded a treaty with the Portugese on the 25th September 1516.

Mr. K. P. P. Menon's History of Kerala, Vol. II, Page 37.

Soon the Dutch made their appearance and drove the Portugese from Cochin, Quilon and other places. The Dutch also made treaties with the rulers of Quilon. In 1662, Nieuhoff was appointed Chief Director of the Dutch East India Company at Quilon, and he entered into a treaty with the Queen of Quilon on very favourable terms. On the 2nd March 1664, Nieuhoff met the Queen in person and the following account of the interview taken from Churchill's Collection of Voyages and Travels, Vol. II, Page 231, will be read with much interest;

"..............The 2nd of March with break of day, the Viceroy of the King of Travancore called by them Gorepe, the Chief Commander of the Negroes called Matta de Pulo, and myself set out for the Court of the Queen of Koulong (Quilon) which was then kept at Calliere (Kallada.) We arrived there about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and as soon as notice was given of our arrival we were sent for to court where, after I had delivered the presents and laid the money down for pepper, I was introduced into Her Majesty's presence. She had a guard of above 700 soldiers about her, all clad after the Malabar fashion: the Queen's attirement being no more than a piece of callicoe wrapt round her middle, the upper part of her body appearing for the most part naked, with a piece of callicoe hanging carelessly round her shoulders. Her ears, which were very long, her neck and arms were adorned with precious stones, gold rings and bracelets and her head covered with a piece of white callicoe. She was past her middle age, of a brown complexion, with black hair tied in a knot behind, but of a majestic mein, she being a Princess who shewed great deal of conduct in the management of her affairs. After I had paid the usual compliments, I shewed her the proposition I was to make to her in writing: which she ordered to be read twice...... ....and she agreed to all our propositions which were accordingly signed immediately....................I then desired leave to depart..............which she readily granted, and at the same time took a golden bracelet from her arms which she presented to me as a token of her good inclinations to the company.....................I returned my hearty thanks, desiring her once more not to withdraw her favour from the Company.................".

During the reign of His Highness Marthanda Varma, Maharaja of Travancore (Venad) the Rajah of Quilon, with the assistance of the Dutch, waged war with the Travancore Raja, but he was completely defeated, and in 1742 his kingdom of Quilon was annexed to the kingdom of Venad or Travancore.

EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) THE VALUE OF MUSIC.

IT IS interesting to notice that Indian music is beginning to take its proper place in the educative culture of India. Not *only* is it being included in the University curriculum ; but it is also now often mentioned in newspapers as an item of public interest. This "renaissance of music", as *The Morning Star* states, is very pleasant, as it tends to raise that art from its old standard. Instead of being relegated to people of a certain, rather looked-down-on, profession, it is now, thanks largely to the influence of Dr. Tagore, happily being taken up by many respectable Indian women. It is also pleasant that North and South are borrowing from one another and mingling their standards of music. Moreover, the value of orchestral music and community-singing is being recognised.

Music has an unconscious appeal to most people ; and we know Shakespearse's condemnation of those unfortunates who have no appreciation at all of it. True music, through the world of imagination, must lead us into reality, and interpret the meaning of Nature to us, even as painting and sculpture do. The artist depicts "true or inspired ideals, seen in a moment to he ideal, that is to say, the result of all the highest powers of the imagination, engaged in the discovery and apprehension of the purest truths, and having so arranged them as best to show their preciousness and exalt their clearness." And this revelation of physical as well as mental truth he does in an intimate way, revealing the personal relation of Nature to us. As Tagore says, "A description of the sunrise has its eternal interest for us,—because there it is not the fact of the sunrise, but its relation to ourselves, which is the object of perennial interest." But is not Nature the work of God ? Therefore, Art is really "the revelation of the Infinite." "The infinite side of man must have its revealments in some symbols, which have the elements of immortality." "In Art, the person in us is sending its answers to the Supreme Person, who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of effects."

A condition of Art, therefore, is the mimetic instinct, according to Ruskin. But, according to Emerson, besides imitation, creation also is necessary and more important than the other. Therefore a great necessity of Art is the development of creative power. In this development, there must be unity as well as detachment. As Emerson says, "A squirrel leaping from bough to bough, and making the wood but one wide tree for his pleasure, fills the eye not less than a lion, is beautiful, self-sufficing and stands then and there for nature."

Music, as one of the fine arts, can realise all that we have said. It is a valuable tonic to man. As the Duchess of Atholl lately said, "Music can lift us to heights far above this earthly

sphere. Music shows us the human soul, and can reach out to something infinitely greater than what we are accustomed to see and hear around us. It seems to me that music is of great value in these days of materialism and agnosticism, when attempts are even being made to eliminate religion. If you hear a boy whistling in the street, you know there is not much the matter with him. One of the nicest things to hear is Negroes singing at their work, as I did in South Africa. Singing makes you good-tempered. It is difficult, if not impossible, to sing when you are angry. I cannot imagine any better way of learning to concentrate on work or learning accuracy than the study of any musical instrument, such as the piano. A boy or girl, loving music and desiring to interpret it accurately, must unconsciously acquire the sense of the values you see illustrated in the music. Bach's music seems to me like an ideal debating society, where every one is good-mannered in discussion, every one gets a fair hearing, and a conclusion is reached, which is satisfactory to every one."

It is obvious, therefore, that music, is really a universal art; and yet how different are its manifestations? How divergent is the Western method from the Eastern? It is pleasant, however, to notice that, not only is the West trying to understand Eastern music, but that also the East is appreciating Western music. And why not? The principles of both must naturally be the same.

Charity, however, begins at home. And, much as I love Western music, I would like Indian music adopted more in India into schools and other places of education, for purposes of recreation, as well as for instruction. At the same time there must be a note of warning, to be careful, as was said sometime ago, that the musical art is not lowered to suit popular requirements. It is sad that among some sections of India, notably the Indian Christian community, Indian music is hardly known in the home. Western music, both vocal and instrumental, is the fashion. Ask a child to play something, and she rattles off a foreign piece on the piano. Ask another to sing, and you get an English song. And the pity of it is that much of this is cheap music like *Jazz* and dance selections. A great cause for this state of affairs is the method of teaching music that is usually adopted in convents and English-teaching schools, where little of the Indian art is taught, and where physical exercise is done chiefly to foreign music. Then, there are the Trinity College and Royal College music examinations, which are being competed for so assiduously in India. As I said before, it is good to learn foreign music; but tuition should not end there. Tests in Indian music must also be worked for; and I am glad that this side is being gradually developed in modern days. There is no doubt that Western music is really more convenient in some ways, especially where action songs and drill are concerned. But then, in this matter, there can be a line of development also, in the Indian style, if encouragement is given for fresh composition. Besides that, there is the great classical music of India, than which surely there cannot be a greater. But, because it is not properly understood, it is neglected as difficult of accomplishment. Is this

wise, or expedient? What is really necessary in my opinion is to teach our children Indian music first, while instilling into them at the same time a love for the music of other nations, and thus giving them a true appreciation of the principles of this divine and universal art.

(2) OUR FRIENDS AMONG THE "UNTOUCHABLES".

So much attention is now being focussed on these people that one has somehow come to recken them as a sort of mechanical item; their humanity, by which I mean their foibles as well as their virtues, have somewhat been lost sight of. But Mahatma Gandhi has, with his usual perspicacity, drawn attention to this aspect in his fifth statement. First emphasizing the fact that the deplorable condition of the Harijans as he calls them, is due to the rigidity of Caste-Hindus, whose co-operation will naturally lead to improvement, he concentrates on the internal reform necessary among the former. The promotion of hygeine and cleanliness among them, the avoidance of the refuse food offered them as charity, the giving-up of carrion food and intoxicating liquors, improved methods of unclean work, and the imparting of some education at least to their children, are some of the points emphasised.

To this is added the necessity for the abolition of untouchability among the untouchables themselves, otherwise it will be a case of the biter being bitten. The Harijan, when he wants toleration from others, must show the same magnanimity himself. Apart from barriers among themselves, I believe some of them have barriers even against Brahmins. This, of course, probably is more defensive than offensive. In any case it is up to them to win their fight, as Gandhiji says, by self - suffering, by courtesy, diginity and gentleness, by which methods "the absolute justice of their cause will be justified".

Are the Harijans capable of such magnanimity? It is the opinion of many caste people that they will not be so, till generations of culture have changed their outlook. This is true in a way, as it is also true about others than "untouchables". Some time must intervene before the full change will come. But in the meanwhile, there must be teaching and encouragement of culture by those who are in the know. There must also be granted the real principle of equality. Finally, there must be love and friendship, which is bound to gain a response.

One needs indeed to become friendly with our depressed classes. I have often, while going into camp, come into contact with this unfortunate people; and I have generally found them very interesting, helpful and efficient. In the first place, there is a great deal of intelligence in them, added to energy, alertness, a real desire to please and a true sense of devotion. As regards the latter, I am positive. I know the proverb goes that an *untouchable* cannot be faithful even to his own mother; but, rightly or wrongly, I have come to the conclusion that he is capable of keeping faith. All that he wants is real kindness and interest and a true appreciation of his work. Take our *untouchable* servants for instance. Can we find more devoted adherents than these? Day in and day

out, for the remuneration of a few rupees, often at the expense of much abuse and sometimes beating, they give us good and faithful service, doing things which caste-servants turn up their aristrocatic noses at. Ay, and they are efficient too. In proof of this, take the interesting fact that now-a-days, these men are being employed as butlers, *chokras* and general *factotums* even in caste-clubs and hotels, being allowed even to serve with food their august caste-employers. Add to this the other interesting fact that by education many of these people are raising themselves to responsible positions in schools, hospitals, revenue and other work, and we get undoubted proof of their capability and worth.

I have noticed the interest that these simple-hearted and childlike people take in outside affairs. I have taken pictures of women, who insist on their photos being taken. Sometimes groups of people come flocking to our car, when we stop to enquire our direction, and take the keenest interest in its arrangements. Sometimes, half-fed people, come gathering around us when we stop to take rest in a field. An old woman by the way, gave us 4 tender cocoanuts to refresh ourselves with; I offered her 8 annas for them (the proper price being only annas 4) and she gravely returned me the excess, refusing to receive it as *Baksheesh*. So many of these women too have brought of their own accord pretty flowers, and even offered us milk and other refreshments. And most of them are *gentlefolk* at heart, however ignorant they may be. And some of them are so thoughtful and gentle. Not to be forgotten are the children; the beautiful black-eyed babies of India, so precocious and yet so childlike.

The occupations of these people are beyond number. The women often work with the men, but it is noticeable that the former are given the lighter tasks and are sheltered and looked after by their men-folk. Chivalry, therefore, exists even in depressed India! "But all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" and the Harijan is by no means dull. He has his humour; some of it rough perpaps, but amusing all the same. He has his *fairs* which are a special weekly feature of mofussil towns and villages. At these fairs, everything is sold, several kinds of rice and grain,—I never knew so many existed,—grocery, condiments, cakes and biscuits, vegetables and fruits of all kinds, clothes, cheap and artificial jewelry, beads, leather work, necessaries for carts, books, knick-knacks of all sorts, even hair-pins and cattle. To these fairs come people from all the neighbouring places, to buy as well as to sell. Sometimes they travel a whole day and night by country-carts, and a great trouble are these conveyances to the poor motorist! These fairs afford recreation of various kinds; we ourselves furnished an amusing centre with our cameras! There is the juggler man with his tricks; there is the snake-man; there is the monkey-man, and there is the "religious bull". Have you ever seen it? Laden with lace and silk cloths and trappings, strings of beads and jewels of all kinds, which are usually gifts from the charitable-minded, the beast nods its intelligent head in correct replies to its master's rapping and scraping on the drum. "Once for *yes* and twice for *no*", he cries and

proceeds to eulogise his pet in fantastic terms, for it is a sacred bull. If he sights a rich-looking customer, he makes the bull agree to his praises of him. Sometimes, he tells a love-story, in which the bull is the angry husband, and a small calf the sinning wife. And, the bull ramps and stamps and roars and walks away, and only comes back after many prayers! Sometimes, either the bull or the calf has some eccentric physical feature, such as an extra toe, or a double hump, or a special tumour, and great is the crowd attracted by such.

Sometimes, our Harijans go out in picnics to the sea-shore, spending a whole day there, bathing, cooking, eating, playing games and so on, the women especially having a grand and unusual time.

Sometimes, dances are indulged in, which are occasionally symbolic. Some are religious dances, in which each figure puts on a fancy head and face-piece, representing one of the minor spirits.

Then again, there are the temples, which are such an attraction, as we have seen from the papers, to the Harijans, and are looked upon as such a test of their position. Besides these, there are the annual car festivals, at which the excitement is very great.

The Harijans, in a word, are loveable, as well as the opposite, like so many of the paradoxes of charming India!

(3) THE NAUTCH DANCE.

Much interest has been aroused by the controversy about the future of the nautch dance; and the comments of various well-informed people on the question are very illuminating. On the one hand are those who, like Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddi, would, in order to eradicate the evil of the Devadasi system, prevent the Devadasis from singing and dancing, not only in Hindu temples, but also on public occasions, even though the result may be that the art of the nautch may disappear altogether, if otherwise the dedication of girls to temple service cannot be prevented. But there is the other side which condemns the reformer "purists", who have merely succeeded in killing existing institutions instead of giving them a new turn and new life. It is argued that the nautch should never be allowed to die out, as it is a beautiful art taught and practised by divinities in ancient times, and exhibits the utmost poetry of motion, as well as the most wonderful symbolism, as "a form of ritual worship, and a mimetic interpretation of Puranic stories." To quote Mrs. Arundale: "Dancing is a divine art. It is the expression of divine rhythm in gestures. If you can dance, you can understand life better. To me dancing is as noble as service in a church, or worship in a temple." Yet there ought not to be any question of the issue which should arise. Purity and morality should in no case be subordinated to the cultivation of the arts. It was by so doing, I think, that the Greeks and Romans in ancient days became degenerate and decadent and lost their Empires. And here of course we must draw a distinction between true art and art as it is accepted by the world. True art must be associated with the utmost culture, which means not only discipline and self-control, but also a cultivation of the special art in

question together with the widest principles of the mind, which include of course every side of morality. But art, as often accepted by the world, has a different meaning; and it is because of this difference that many have to be in sympathy with Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddi, when she discourages exhibitions of nautch dancing by Devadasis at entertaiments and on public occasions.

As a matter of fact, I must confess that I am not a great admirer of the nautch, but agree with Mr. S. Sreenivasa Sastry, when he says.

"I am sceptical about the merits of this ancient Indian art. I doubt whether there are many people who can explain the meanings of the various signs, symbols and the movements of the dancer. In any case there is no natural or necessary connection between the signs and the sentiments of the songs"

But this view of course, should not be brought in; since people like us must plead ignorance of the art. Nor should the other view be accentuated that "audiences are attracted more by the dancers rather than the dance"; for there has been expressed the opposite opinion that such wonderful exhibitions of art with the help of the human body, can do no harm at all except to evil minds.

Let us grant, therefore that the art of the nautch should on no account be lost. Yet, the question arises as to which class it should be relegated. The opinions both of the public and of the Devadasis themselves seem to be that it is impossible to separate dancing from temple service, and that "the art itself cannot be practised by any communiiy other than that, which has been practising it from ancient times."

Therefore, there seem to be only two courses left; one of them, as the Madras Mail says, is "reforming the Devadasi without impairing her artistic training or the functions which are found to be inseparably associated with it. This reform may be found in a reversion to earlier conditions, as the Devadasis themselves suggest, or it may be found in a direction more in conformity with modern ideas. The fundamental difficulty is to make the functions of the Devadasi respectable." Why should not this be possible? The Devadasis themselves say that they are not as bad as they are thought to be, for "the institution of Devadasis is not synonymous with prostitution"; that it is not right to blame a whole class for the defection of a few; and that even here internal reform is helping to improve lost morals.

The other course is to make nautch dancing itself so respectable and highplaced, that it can be taken up by respectable women, and yet keep its ancient principles intact. Why should it not be taken out of the hands of the professional nautch caste? Why should not dancing and temple - service be separated? Surely, a school, where the correct nautch dance can be taught by the Devadasis themselves, can be started. One gentleman, who is well acquainted with drama, suggests that the Madras Music Academy, should organise classes and lectures, not only in music, but also in dancing. Someone else has brought forward the example of the "American lady who travelled through India and made a good fortune by imitating the Indian dances. I must

say she did it remarkably well and acquired the grace of an Indian woman." As to the method of the dance. one must admit of course that the form and the symbolism ought not to be altered, if the nautch is to be preserved in its original form; yet, there is the feeling, expressed by Mr. Sreenivasa Sastry that "if there is a revival of dancing, it must be less conventional and much more easily intelligible." One could add that, to suit the modern world, some of its principles should be re-interpreted, and that in a somewhat new way. "If all this is carefully and sympathetically done, there will be no reason to affirm that nautch in future will not be the type of dancing which is done at present."

If the nautch is an instittituion worth preserving it will somehow manage to live on. As Mrs. M. Reddi said: "Any art or culture worth surviving will certainly hold its own against all times and against all conditions. Our attempt should be to free it from its ugly association and the incrustations of ages which now keep it dim and repulsive to many, so that the divine art may be learned, practised by royal ladies and by all good and noble women, as it was by goddesses of old. Then only India's art, the rich legacy of ages, will shine brighter and will command the respect and admiration of the world."

Such a double process viz., that of reforming the Devadasi, and that of making the nautch dance universally practised, will take a long time; but it can be done. Already we see signs of the adoption of dancing by respectable people, especially in the North. It is up to the South to follow quickly.

In the meanwhile, it will be better not to get nautch dancing recognised in public as a part of public entertainment. But the *Madras Mail* suggests that "if dancing is to be made respectable, performances would have to be encouraged, and not prohibited." This argument, however, can cut the other way too; for encouragement may be a stimulus to the vice in the system, as also to the virtue, which is certainly not desirable. Therefore as a well-known and well-travelled advocate of Madras says: "Nobody objects to the arts of dancing and singing; nor does anybody consider them to be undesirable; but their association with Devadasis is undesirable. The present system of Devadasis will be put an end to in course of time and it will not be difficult to revive the arts of dancing and singing afterwards. If it is a question of choice between *Baratha-natyam* and the purity of Hindu society, I would certainly sacrifices the former in favour of the latter, though I am sure that no such contingency will arise."

DETECTIVE JANAKI

By K. S.

CHAPTER I.

JANAKI stood with her face half-turned towards the inner room, listening and yet pretending not to listen. Was her step-mother coming out again? Was there going to be more abuse, or had her fury burnt out into sullenness, as it sometimes did? Had the last word then been said? Oh, what a pity it all was!

Seen thus, the girl made quite a charming figure. Tall and slender she was, and her sari was most artistically draped around her. There were clusters of star-like jasmines in her smooth knot of black hair, which served to outline the graceful curve of her neck. The oval contour of her fair face showed very smooth and clear; her chiselled nose stood out well; her eyes were large and glowing. But there was sullenness and defiance in her attitude; something repressed and inhibited. She looked as if she felt she had not acted right, and yet as if she could do nothing to ease the situation. She seemed indeed a creature foiled. She looked as if she feared to face some situation, and yet wished to be made to face it. The paradox gave her a look of furtive shrewdness, which seemed somewhat alien to her.

Suddenly, what she anticipated, what indeed she seemed to want, happened. There was a quick patter of feet and a rustle of skirts from inside and another woman appeared on the scene. She was a mere girl herself, perhaps a little older than Janaki, but she had nothing undecided about her. Her every action and word was full of purpose. She seemed to hate the other girl.

"You are still here, are you, you baggage? Haven't you gone yet?"

"Do you really wish me to go?"

"That's left to you. You can please yourself."

"But, what will my father say? He is sure to—to—blame you?" Janaki had a low voice and now it acquired a peculiarly poignant quality from its tremulousness; but it was evident that the other woman had no use for such things, as appeared from her sneer.

"Do you actually mean to say that you are thinking of me? Or, is that a pose? My girl, you can't deceive me. I know you for what you are, a vain, stubborn, useless, thoughtless creature, who thinks nothing of bringing disgrace on your father's family. I always told your father it was silly of him to send you to college. Now you've become conceited, and can think of nothing but admiration from silly boys, and flirting with them. You always crave for excitement."

"Why don't you get me some work to do then?"

"Work? I like that. You'll get more conceited than ever then. You think you are a great creature; but you

know that, if your father hears of this latest escapade of yours, he will not be quiet? Do you think he will merely blame me? No, Miss; he'll punish in some way, even though he is so fond of you, the silly man. And you know it, and that's why you are afraid."

"I've not done anything very wrong."

"Haven't you? Did I not see you in the arms of that young man? Was that right, you wicked girl? Did you think it was right to be away for hours with him? You know that Sivaram is not a good boy. He is always flirting with girls. You've again and again been warned against him. You say you lost your way and came back by a round-about route. But, how can I believe you? Even if I do, what will the world say? And you an Indian girl properly brought up! You-you-hussy, who do you think you are! You are a shame to us; you ought to be sent away somewhere and locked up. If I had my will, I would beat you black and blue, or starve you, till you repented. I—why, even now - - - - - - - "

"Stop, stop", cried the younger girl, covering her little ears with her hands. "Remember that you are driving me too far. If father knows the way you treat me - - - - - - - "

'Why don't you tell it to him then? Haven't you told it to him yet? No? I am surprised; but try it and see."

"Whatever I am, I am not a sneak," said Janaki proudly.

"I know exactly what you are, my girl. You are a hypocrite, who is really afraid to face the situation. You are really afraid of what your father will say. Shall I tell him that you kissed Sivaram?"

"I didn't kiss him; he kissed me", said the other sullenly. "He took me by surprise."

"That's what all sinners say; everything is the fault of others."

"And, aren't you also afraid? Isn't that why you are giving me a way of escape?"

"I afraid? Certainly not. I'm only sorry for you. I want to help you to save yourself?"

"How? By marrying that hideous cousin of yours? I'd rather die, or be disgraced. And you know my father also hates the idea."

"I know," said the step-mother sullenly. "I know how stupid your father is about you. He thinks you are a paragon and must marry a paragon. But he won't stand by you, if he hears about this last affair."

"Of course, he will."

"Very well then," said the other, pretending to turn away, but really looking at her step-daughter with furtive eyes. "Do as you please.".

"What I've done, whether right or wrong, may come out in any case. I don't trust you overmuch, step-mother."

"Don't you? Well, I don't care. You're an ungrateful girl; but I shall still try to help you. Don't you know that, even if secrets come out, if you are safely married, you are all right, and none can say anything? And your father will be pleased, and will not scold you for your disgraceful action."

"And yet you think, though I have shamed myself, I'm good enough to enter into an alliance with you?"

The other looked taken aback for a moment, but quickly recovered herself.

"Am I not allied to you now. Can I escape the connection ?"

"No, you can't, step-mother. I'm very sorry indeed for you."

There was a silence. Then, Janaki turned proudly, though with a certain look of pleading, to the other woman.

"Won't you let me off then ? Say nothing about what you saw at the last moment - the - "

"Kiss - ah - ha - that's the rub, isn't it ? You don't want your father to hear about it ?"

"He won't understand."

"All right, I shan't tell him, if you will do as I say."

"Never."

"Just try, my girl. Go and stay at my aunt's house, and try to make friends with Natesan. He is a good boy, though he is ugly and looks stupid."

"I hate him."

"The other man has turned your head. And yet, Natesan is worth a hundred of him."

"Step-mother, it is my money you are after. Even my father, fond as he is of you, suspects it."

"Stop, you wicked girl; stop your ugly mouth."

"Very well. Since you say there's no way out of it ——— "

She broke off, her voice breaking into sobs, and rushed down the steps, up the drive and out of the gate. Her step-mother stared after her. Twice she opened her lips to speak, and twice closed them. After all, what could the girl do ? Run to the other man ? Surely, she would not do that, whatever happened. Janaki knew what the result of that would be. She could not so lightly give up house and home, and dignity and name. And yet, she had looked mad and broken.

"Janaki," she called coldly, but Janaki did not even turn her head; perhaps she had not heard.

"Well, well - "

And compressing her lips, the step-mother went in. Every one must reap the fruits of his or her own action, she thought to herself.

(To be continued.)

"Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done ;
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes ? "

Selected.

MODERN ?"

By T. Rajagopalacharya

CHAPTER 1

When Miss Rupavathi B. A. was asked to stay with the Salivahans of Vadalur, her mother gave her some sound advice. "For Heaven's sake, Rupa !" she said, "don't part your hair sideways, or your aunt won't ask you again or see your face."

"Oh ! damn it," exclaimed Rupavathi, slipping her vanity-case inside her suit-case.

"And don't use your Madras slang at any time, unintentionally or intentionally."

"I shall take good care about that", Rupa replied.

"And for goodness' sake don't be vain and modern."

Rupa faced her mother scornfully, the picture of injured innocence. "I may be modern, but am I ever vain?"

"Well, well, don't be vulgar. I meant only that by 'vain'. "

"May I not be humorous ?"

Her mother thought for a while. "Occasionally after dinner perhaps."

"But how can I be humorous without being vulgar ?"

"In that case", warned her mother, "You must never be funny."

Rupa was positively vexed. "What you want me to do is never to be myself."

Her mother sighed. "You simply take offence and understand nothing, my dear. I am only solicitous about your welfare."

Then she tried to look innocent. "I believe it is a beautiful place, and your uncle's son is very handsome. Besides he is the only son of the family, which is rich. So you must try to satisfy them by your docile and modest conduct."

"Oh, this is a scheme to get rid of your educated daughter by matrimony, is'nt it?" Rupa asked, blushing and laughing. Her mother went inside without replying, to ask the maid-servant to get ready to go with her daughter.

As she came back, Rupa cried peevishly. "Why should I require an escort ? Do you think I'm not bold enough to travel by myself after my years of collegiate study."

"No, no, don't speak like a fool. They'll think it funny if you go alone."

As Rupa was slipping her beautiful feet into a pair of very fashionable slippers, her mother cried : "What is this ? Please, do take them off. They won't like to see you in them."

"I refuse to go then."

Her mother allowed her her point. "Why are you carrying those trashy novels ? They'll simply betray your taste."

"How am I to spend my time there ? No, no, mother, don't be too hard. I know you are over-solicitious, in order that I may make a good impression. But, if you make any more restrictions, I shall refuse to go."

"Well, well, have your own way and let us leave the rest to chance."

As the train steamed slowly out of

the station, Rupa's mother tried her last chance, moving with the train for some distance, holding on to the carriage-window. "If you care anything for your mother, throw those awful slippers and books out of the window."

But Rupa appeared not to hear. She waved and grinned, till she was out of sight. After a good night's sleep, she stepped out upon the uninviting platform of a village station and was met by a respectable-looking car-driver, who drove her three miles through labyrinthine ways to the gates of 'Vadalur House.' Her aunt came out with extended arms to meet her, while all the servants, including the cook, peeped from every possible corner of the house to have a glimpse of so literate a guest from the metropolis.

CHAPTER 2.

Young Salivahan had gone to the river to bathe. He came slowly back, with sacred ashes on his forehead and body. He was very handsome, and he stood six feet high and looked a veritable athlete. Though he was twenty-three years old, three years older than Rupavathi, he had systematically refused all offers of marriage hitherto, for some reason or an other. Though he had come out first in the Presidency in his Botany Hon. Examination, his father for orthodox reasons had not allowed him to compete for the I. C. S. examination, because he would be asked to go to England. Three years had passed since he had last seen his cousin. And he was stupefied now to see her transformed into a typical, ultra-modern girl. Her glorious beauty did not allow him to make any comment. Salivahan could not be familiar with her now, as he had been once. "Glad to see you, Rupa! I heard from mother about your proposed visit. Have you finished your morning coffee? Let me go and change now." Rupa considered him gravely, as he bounded upstairs. "This", she was thinking, "is my fate. I feel it in my bones. This is love at first sight. This handsome young cousin must be mine. None else can have him. I shall see to that." Salivahan's fine voice rang through the house, as he sang some *slokas,* while dressing. After he had finished, she went upstairs to have an idea of his study. Salivahan scrupulously showed everything to her. She was glad to find that their tastes agreed in many ways. "Do you like my slippers?" enquired Rupa, as she went to a corner to take them off. He shot a furtive look at them, then stared out of the window. "Answer me," Rupa presisted. "Do you, or don't you?"

"Why do you wear them?" he burst out at last.

"You are awfully conventional, you know," said Rupa gently.

"Why do you wear them?" he repeated frowning.

"To keep my feet dainty of course," she replied.

He glanced at her bare neck and his face fell. "This is a shame", he said. "Don't mistake me Rupa. From children we have been playmates and hence I can criticise you. Your dress may look nice at Madras, but you are offending my parents unconsciously."

"In what way?" she asked.

"That any one should get themselves dressed like you in a bodice which leaves the neck so bare!" and he waved his hand sorrowfully. While she was still

choking with rage, her aunt called her down, to see many inquisitive and curious neighbours, who had come to the house to have an idea about Rupa, for she was to them the newest wonder of the world.

One day, it was proposed to visit the Vadalur temple two miles off. There was no car-track, so that everybody had to walk. "We always prefer to take a walk every week-end to the temple to keep us fit," her aunt apologised. "Are you a good walker, dear," she enquired kindly. Rupa made a rapid mental calculation. "It is possible. Yes, if I die for it, I can", she thought to herself and replied.

"Oh yes, aunt!"

"Good. Then go and get ready."

Rupa went up to Salivahan's room and dashed off a few lines to her mother.

"Dearest Mother,

I have arrived here safe and sound and the people look at me with the wonder of a rustic at an elephant. And Salivahan is not at all charming, as he once was.

Best love,
RUPAVATHI."

She changed her saree and dressed prettily. "Now then, my girl!" she told her reflection in the glass, "you have got to try hard for him and good luck to you." And try she did, but her luck was out. The troop started and she trudged along bad roads, tumbled down occasionally, and the walk to her was very painful. Sheer weariness robbed her of all her bright modernism; she had expected Salivahan to help her carefully, but he followed his mother and did nothing more. The country air, however, did her immense good.

At last, the time came for Rupa's last customary week-end visit to the temple. Her aunt had a slight cold and preferred to stay back. Rupa was given the option to go, or not to go. But she wished to go Salivahan for his part felt it rather awkward to escort Rupavathi all alone, even though the house-maid followed them. They started for the temple. Suddenly she twisted her ankle badly.

"Come on quick, Rupa, it's getting late," shouted Salivahan, who had walked on some distance in front.

"Stupid," thought Rupa writhing in agony. Then she waved him on impatiently. "I'm not coming any further. You go on. I'm tired."

"Oh, all right."

His tone was disappointed and annoyed. Rupa sat down with the house-maid and wept with mortification. "It is finished", she said to herself as she limped back home. She said nothing about her sprain to her aunt and Salivahan returned soon after. Later, he asked her casually.

"What is the matter with your ankle?",

"Sprained."

"When?"

"When I followed you to-day."

"Why on earth did you not tell me?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I did not want to stop your progress," she said and walked away very abruptly.

The next day came the morning of her departure. Rupa came down beautifutly dressed. Salivahan had not gone to the river as usual. "What is the matter, cousin? Why don't you go to

the river to-day?" she exclaimed, staring at him.

"Because I wanted to stay and look after your ankle," said he, sitting beside her.

Rupa tossed her head. "It did not appear to inspire you with much sympathy yesterday. I thought you lacked courtesy and chivalry."

"How was I to know?" he burst out. "All I thought was that you had invented an excuse to return home. Besides, I wished to punish you."

Rupa stared at him coldly. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"I left you alone, because I wanted you to understand how I felt at the scant courtesy you bestowed on me under my own roof. I thou ht you were too proud."

Rupa gazed sadly at her toes. "What can it matter to you?"

"But it does matter, Rupa. You perhaps don't know why I am refusing all offers of marriage one after another. And Rupa, when I see you now in this glorious dress, you are marvellous."

Rupa's heart leapt. "How do I look, my dear cousin?"

"I don't know, Rupa, but something within me tells me that I have loved you all along." Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. A bold step indeed! "If I ever marry, it will be only you. Do you love me at least a little?"

"What a low opinion you have of me, my dear cousin? Is it because you think I'm educated?"

"Not that, my dear, but because I appear an odd person, and rigidly orthodox. There are fellows, whom your parents may have in view for you, who are better qualified in all respects than myself."

"Don't talk rot, Salivahan. Do you know I wrote to my mother that you are ugly, meaning to give her a surprise later? But my heart has been always satisfied with you. Salivahan, why did you put on such a rough criticising exterior when I came to your house? You treated me badly until yesterday.

"That's another story," he murmured.

THE LIBRARY MOVEMENT IN BARODA

The Library movement in Baroda dates from 1910, when H. H. the Maharaja Gaekwad, touring for the second time in the United States, engaged the services of a library expert as organiser and director of a State Library Department.

The Library Department comprises two sections, the Central Library and the Country section. The former includes a free and open-access lending library and a reference library, with a newspaper reading room, as well as a ladies' library and reading room, and a children's play-room. This play-room is one of the most interesting and original

features of the Library; it is a large and airy hall, well-furnished and decorated, and provided with English and vernacular books and papers, together with a variety of indoor games, amusements and occupations, such as draughts, jigsaw puzzles, word-making and word-taking, mosaic-work, designing, meccano, etc. The Central Library circulates more books than any other library in India, and is perhaps the third largest one in the country: it has nearly 124,000 books; and last year circulated about 132,500 volumes. (These figures are inclusive of the Travelling Library section), The Travelling Library Branch circulates books by means of travelling libraries. These libraries consist of boxes, each holding from 15 to 30 books, and made strong enough to withstand hard wear. They are dispatched free of charge to any library, school or other institution in the State, even the freight both ways being borne by the Department. About 22,000 volumes were circulated in this manner last year.

The most important function of the Country section is the subsidizing and control of the town and village libraries. As far back as 1903, His Highness commenced giving subsidies to the rural libraries. Four years later, rules were laid down, under which the Department has been running ever since. When a community has succeeded in collecting Rs. 100, Rs. 300 or Rs. 700—the sum depending on whether it is a village, an ordinary town or the chief town of the district—a similar sum is granted by the Library Department and another similar sum by the District Board. In some cases, the Municipal Board also gives contributions. If a library building is required, the people have only to find one-third of the cost, the reminder being contributed in equal quotas by the Government and the District Board. Finally, to provide a nucleus for a new village library, the local committee can purchase, for Rs 25 only, a collection of good Gujarati books worth Rs. 100, the rest of the money being found by the State.

The people have not been slow in taking advantage of these liberal facilities for self-culture. Up to now, all the 45 towns and 818 of the villages have been provided with free libraries, which can boast an aggregate stock of 612,406 volumes, and a gross circulation of 425,811 volumes amongst 79,406 readers. There are also 119 newspaper reading rooms. This is an encouraging record for 20 years' work. Moreover, no less than 119 libraries now possess buildings of their own. Rules are laid down for the proper management of these libraries. They are visited by the Assistant Curator, who also gathers groups of town and village librarians at convenient centres to give courses of study in management, and to discuss with them various practical problems. Directions and hints and lists of good books are pulished by the Department in the *Pustakalaya*, a Gujarati monthly magazine devoted to library interests. During the rainy weather, library classes are held in Baroda. Although not left without guidance, the libraries are yet given a large amount of autonomy, and the people learn to take a genuine interest in the local library, which often becomes the centre of social and cultural activities for the village or town. The needs of ladies are not forgotten, for books are sent to their houses through

the head mistress of the girls' school.

The associated libraries have established a State Library Association, which has held very successful conferences at various centres. The organisers of the conferences seek to do propaganda work by inviting educationalists, officials and social workers from outside Baroda to these meetings.

An interesting feature of these conferences is an exhibition of books, pictures, charts, posters, etc, wherewith the value and importance of public libraries are emphasised. Many publishers and other firms send samples of their books and material, including Macmillan's, the Cambridge University Press, and A. & C. Black, Mudie's Library, J. Boots' Library, The Times Book Club, the Democrat Printing Co. of Madison (Mass.), H. W. Wilson Co. of New York, and Gaylord Brothers of Syracuse, New York.

A novel method in propaganda is the institution of a Library Day throughout the State, on which special efforts are made to demonstrate the value of libraries and to collect funds from the public. This is conducted on the same lines as Hospital Sunday in England.

The Baroda Library Association has also established a Co-operative Society for the wholesale purchase of books, periodicals and supplies. It is receiving year by year increasing patronage from the 982 libraries and reading rooms of the State, as well as from outside institutions. Publishing work is also undertaken by this Society, the latest works being a classified and priced catalogue of 8,000 good books in the Gujarati language, a directory of the libraries of Gujarat, and a revised scheme of classification for Gujarati books.

Baroda has also tried to do some missionary work outside the State. Library training classes have been held, to which outsiders have been invited. Again, the staff of the Baroda Library published for some nine years the *Library Miscellany*, a magazine in three languages, devoted to the spread of the "library gospel." The Library Department also holds library exhibitions and arranges for library stalls, when exhibitions are held, in Calcutta, Madras, Gwalior, Ahmedabad, Chandernagore and other towns. The Baroda Library Department was represented by a collection of exhibits in the British Empire Exhibition held at Wembly in 1924. A small selection of books, photographs and coloured charts was forwarded to the library exhibition held in connection with the World Conference of Librarians convened in Rome in June 1929.

The Gaekwad's Oriental Series was launched in 1915 by the Central Library, in order to publish critically-edited editions of unpublished Sanskrit manuscripts and other books of interest to research scholars. 58 Volumes have already appeared, and 17 are in the press. The success of the *series* was so remarkable that in 1927 the Oriental Institute was established to carry on the work, and to take charge of the 13,000 Sanskrit manuscripts and the 6,000 printed books, which had been collected by the Central Library.

SHOULD GRAND-PARENTS INTERFERE?

The mother-in-law problem has always been a very difficult one in India. In some Hindu houses, the mother stays on with her son after he is married, and almost always she wishes to wield the upper hand, and have complete control over her daughter-in-law. Usually, the son has too much respect for, and is too afraid of, his mother, to disobey her, and however much he may wish to give his wife the upper hand in domestic affairs, he generally listens to his mother's orders, and expects his wife to do the same.

The difference in age, however, between a son and his mother, is not so great, as between grand-parents and grand-children and, where the ideals and aspirations of a child may more or less coincide with those of its parents, they are bound to be much more modern, broad-minded and different from those of their grand-parents. It is therefore, a fatal mistake for an old lady or an old man to dictate to the grand-daughter or grand-son, especially in India, where grand-children are often quite grown-up, and capable of looking after themselves. It is this arbitrary rule of the older generation over the younger that is creating a great deal of unrest and dissatisfaction among the youth of India, in some cases, causing them to revolt against their old ancestral customs and habits.

Our sympathies, without doubt, are on the side of the grand-children. Their grand-parents have been trained in quite a different school. They are old-fashioned, rigid and superstitious, and they expect the modern generation to be as conservative as themselves. They are easily shocked at the breaking of the smallest convention, and, having a great many leisure hours at their disposal, they are given to talking scandal, and criticising all the changes that happen with the passage of time. On the other hand, the younger generation is also to blame, in that it is too intolerant and impetuous, and is losing that respect and courtesy for older people, which was once so inherent a part of India. What then, is to happen to our modern youth? Are grand-parents never to interfere with them? Are they to listen to nothing but the dictates of modern aspirations and ideals? It is a very hard question to answer; but in the mean-while, the fact has to be faced that grand-parents and grand-children still dwell in the same houses, and that the parents, who are the middle generation, have a very hard time indeed. Their affections are divided between their children and their parents. Their ideals and views on life are neither modern nor ancient; they sympathise with both the young and the old, and the result is that they constantly have either to be peace-

makers or else stand up for one side or the other, and be the agents of endless quarrels and discords in the house-hold.

I have often heard people say that the older generation must be wiped out before the younger can have free scope to bring about reforms and re-organise all the undesirable old conventions. But, in spite of dis-agreements and discords, are not our grand-parents the very spirit of that dear old India that is fast dying out? Are they not the monarchs of the joint family, and the supreme rulers of an orthodox house-hold?

In the near future, grand-parents will probably continue their interference and arbitary commands, and grand-children will continue to resent them, and so life will proceed, until the older generation will die out, and the spirit of modernism will take the upper hand, breaking down all customs and habits that stand in its way, until our boys and girls will follow their own sweet way, and live their lives according to their desires.

PUNKAJAM.

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1). *Our Serial Story.*

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILREN

CHAPTER XX.

THE SUSPENSE.

An hour later Vasant revived and the parents and sisters and the three boys felt an unspeakable relief, the joy of which was too great to last long. Dr. Vikram however knew what was to follow, and, not desiring the children to keep a vigil all night long, encouraged them to go to bed. But he sat up hour after hour, strange fears racking his brain and heart, yet with outward composure.

"Do you know me, my boy?" he sadly asked when, in a short gleam of consciousness, Vasant fixed a puzzled look on his father's face.

"You are father," replied the child in a feeble, shaking voice.

His mother's heart danced within her and she was ready to forget the torture of the previous hour.

But soon a fever came on, and Vasant's temperature continued high for days, that drew their impression in fire and steel on the minds of the dear ones waiting in anxious suspense. Delirium set in and Dr. Vikram fearing to trust his own medical experience, sent for another plysician and there was no want of proper aid, as this doctor was in constant attendance. Their holiday trip taking such a tragic turn, Bala and Anand were unwilling to inconvenience the family with their presence, and begged leave to return home. Harsh words thoughtlessly spoken and unkind actions thoughtlessly done, that had many a time grieved the poor boy and made him miserable, now rose to the surface from the forgotten depths of consciousness, armed with deadly stings of remorse that inflicted cruel pain on the crushed hearts of those who watched his symptoms night and day. The tears they shed were blood-drops wrung from the core of the heart.

Raji and Babu, unaware that their brother's life was hanging in the

balance, played as usual, only passing casual remarks, when they saw the grief of the others. Often, without knowing the cause they would sob, because others were weeping, and often too they grew fretful, especially the younger child, when the chauffeur or the gardener would carry them off to play in a remote part of the garden.

They all sadly recollected the brief interval of reason after the swoon and before the fever, and asked themselves loudly in the anguish of the soul, whether such joy would be vouchsafed to them once more. Mohun, conscience-stricken, suffered pangs such as few mortals experience.

"Is our brother going to leave us?" Seeta asked once with a look of settled despair in her large eyes.

"I don't know, Seeta. What shall we do?" was all that Mohun could say, wringing his hands.

Mrs. Vikram begged the doctor to tell her the truth. He merely replied that the pulse was not uniform, as was to be expected.

"However, you need not unnecessarily worry yourself, Madam, for as long as there is life there is hope".

"Oh, why did I ever punish my child for disobedience when he committed a little fault? Oh, if he is only spared, I shall never more so much as use a harsh word to him." Here her speech failed, and the poor broken hearted mother raised her voice and wept. When friends tried to console her with encouraging words, she spoke as if in a dream, unheeding their presence.

"I can hear him calling us with his sweet voice. But he is going away from his mother." She flung herself on the floor and closed her eyes tight.

The physician's words to Dr. Vikram were, "you must keep up your fortitude, sir, for the sake of the others. To-morrow is the crisis. The spine has received a shock, the extent of which events only can show. The delirium will result either in a coma, in which the child will pass away peacefully, or bring back consciousness and slow recovery. But you must be brave. Let them not know what a few hours to-morrow may mean to the child's life."

The morrow arrived. A death-like silence fell over the house. The children were all kept out of the main block and the doors were closed. The very servants felt unable to go about their work for anxiety. Dr. Vikram alone was permitted to stay in the sick room. There was absolute silence, since it was feared that the slightest shock to the patient's nerves would settle his doom.

In the Sparrow Room, which many a time, their games and sports and mischief had witnessed, the children waited with heavy hearts to hear whether one of them would perhaps never more join them again and bring back the olden times.

"Let us pray instead of crying, Rook," suggested Mohun," God may yet spare our brother's life. Mother says, God hears children's prayers. So let us beg hard."

All three knelt reverently, folding their hands. Mohun offered a prayer, a boyish supplication only, but such as rose to heaven from a bruised heart. He prayed, confessing childish sins, and promising to grow up wiser and better. His voice often broke down with sobs which mingled with those of the girls.

After rising, they fixed their intent

gaze on the house. The doors would soon open and their father would come out to meet them, but oh God, with what news would he greet them? Nay, his very countenance would speak before his lips parted in speech. They longed for, yet shrank with terror from, the sound of the opening door.

As the long-expected creaking came, louder than they had expected it to be, Rukmini gave a loud cry and hid her face and Mohun caught both his sisters and gasped. Then the words that they heard seemed to fall, like distant music in dreams — Vasant would live.

They wept again, loud sobs, but this time their tears were of unbounded joy. They were to maintain silence for the rest of the day and not go near the sick room, nor take peeps at the patient. There was still to be long and careful nursing in a quiet atmosphere, but the intolerable suspense had ended in hope. They did not mind now how long it took Vasant to recover completely and share their lives once more. Surely God had answered their penitent prayers.

Vasant lived, but it was long before he could walk, or play once more. He was always a weak child, but now he looked like the skeleton they had seen in their father's medical books and shuddered at, but with a skin stretched over it. It was sad to see him laugh in a faint gurgling voice, and to hear the languid speech which tired him in a few seconds. Only his large wistful eyes he would turn on people and things, and seemed to gather all intelligence through them alone, and make known his wishes likewise. His parents and brothers and sisters loaded him with presents; even little Babu came and laid a flute on the bed, and afterwards ran away with it. A packet full of beautiful pictures and a parcel containing a toy-locomotive, a sub-marine, a steamer and an aeroplane, arrived from his cousins, Bala and Anand, who begged that Vasant might come and spend some part of his convalescent time with them. His mother announced that, as soon as he was well enough for some excitement, the children should give an entertainment in his honour to the little boys and girls in the neighbourhood and distribute presents to the sick poor in hospitals.

H. KAVERI BAI.

(To be continued)

(2) THE CRIMINAL.

(A short play for small children)

by Padmini Satthianadhan

CHARACTERS.

Father
Mother
Santi, Ramu, Govind, Jaya — Their children.

Scene :— A large sitting room, furnished in Indian and English style-combined. At one corner, there is a low *dewan* full of cushions, and on the other side, is a large wall-shelf, reaching down to the floor, in front of which hangs an orange curtain. All the cushions and the carpet are either of orange or dark red. In the centre of the room is a low carved table, on which stands a bowl of red roses.

Santi, aged twelve, and wearing a skirt and blouse, is reclining on the *dewan*, happily reading a book. She sighs contentedly, and turns over a page. Enter her mother, a pretty lady, dressed

in a dark red sari, with flowers in her hair.

Mother: Now, Santi, I'm going out to attend a meeting. As it's raining, I don't want the children to go out. You know Ayah is ill; so please look after them, and see that they don't get into mischief.

Santi: (grumbling) Oh, mother, I'm so interested in this book. I don't want to look after them. They are so naughty and they never listen to me.

Mother: They will to-day, dear. I have spoken to them. And surely you can do this much for me, Santi? Is this how you show your love for me? The moment I ask you to do anything, you grumble.

Santi: (running to her mother and kissing her) Oh, mother, I'm so sorry. I'll look after them, and I'll make them be ever so good.

Mother: Thank you dear, and now, I must go. Goodbye, and be good.

(Exit mother)

Santi: Now, I must call those three little imps, and make them sit down here quietly. I wish Ayah was not ill. I wonder where those children are. Ramu, Govind, Jaya, come here at once. Oh yes, I know what I'll do. I'll have a reading club, and read aloud to them. Then, I can look after them, and read at the same time. Ramu, Govind, Jaya, where are you. Oh dear, how long they take to come (yawns).

(Enter Ramu aged ten, Govind aged eight, and little Jaya aged six. The boys wear shorts and shirts, Jaya is dressed in a tiny *Kornat* skirt and a white blouse).

Santi: You naughty children, what were you doing?

Ramu: Oh, shut up, Santi, don't pretend to be a grand-mother. Why should we obey you?

Santi: Because mother told me to look after you, and you're to do exactly as I tell you.

Ramu: (putting out his tongue at her) Oh, all right, Grand-ma, what do you want us to do?

Jaya: We were having such a lovely game up-stairs, a regular war with pillows. Govind and I were the Allies, and Ramu was *Germany*. It was such fun.

Santi: (looking disgusted) Pooh, now I expect all the pillows are torn, and the feathers flying about.

Govind: What an old-woman you are, Santi. You never play with us these days. You are always reading. The only thing you join us in is acting, and all of us loathe acting. Ugh, you behave as if you are forty.

Santi: Thank you for your opinion, Govind. And, now, to prove that I am forty, I am going to have a reading club this evening, and you three are to listen to me.

Ramu: (groaning) oh, Oh, I knew you would suggest something silly like that. You're a regular book-worm.

Santi: It will do you good to be a book-worm. You wouldn't be the last in your class every time then. I'll go and get the book.

(Exit Santi).

(Ramu sits thinking for a second or two and then suddenly slaps his knee in ecstasy).

Jaya: (snuggling up to him) What is it, Ramu dear?

Ramu: I'm going to pay Santi back. I'll have my revenge for

wasting a whole evening with her precious reading club.

Govind: (excited) What are you going to do?

Ramu: You'll see soon. Now, Jaya, listen. About a minute after Santi starts reading, pretend to go to sleep, and start snoring. She—she's coming, keep quiet.

(Enter Santi with a book)

Govind: What are you going to read to us, Santi?

Santi: Hansel and Grethel.

Ramu: But we know that story almost by heart. You've told it to us about five hundred times.

Santi: Never mind. I love it, and it won't do you any harm to listen to it again.

(She sits down at one end of the *dewan*, and the others at the other.)

Santi: (reads) "Hansel one day took his sister Grethel by the hand, and said, 'Since our poor mother died, we have had no happy days; for our new mother beats us all day long, and when we go near her, she pushes us way. We have nothing but——'

(Jaya suddenly collapses on Govind's knee and snores)

Govind: There you are, you've put her to sleep with your rubbish.

Santi: Pinch her, wake her up.

Ramu: Oh, Santi, you naughty girl, you know it is wrong to pinch any one.

Santi: You know what I mean. Shake her. Oh dear, how she is snoring.

Ramu: Why should I wake her up? It's good for little girls to sleep. And Govind also looks terribly sleepy.

Santi: I think you are all selfish, wicked people. Very well then, I'll stop this reading. What do you want to do now?

Jaya: (slowly opening her eyes) Oh, Ramu, I'm so tired of snoring; can I get up now.

Ramu: Shs—Shs—Shut up.

Santi: There you are, I knew you were up to some trick. You made the poor child pretend. Really, you are the limit, Ramu.

Govind: Well, it doesn't matter if he is the limit or not; but what shall we do now? You promised to stop reading, Santi, so you can't start that again.

Ramu: I know; let's act at being in a Law Court. Santi, you love acting. The hardest part is to be the criminal. You be the villain. I'm the judge, Jaya is a witness and Govind is the policeman.

Santi: (very excited) Oh, how lovely! I'll be the criminal. I've stolen the Rani's necklace. Govind catches me and brings me to the court. You can sit on that high table, Ramu and be the judge. I'll stand on this stool, which can be the prisoner's dock. This rug can be the witness-box. I'll put on father's rain-coat as the criminal. Govind can put on his hat as the policeman. You wear this chair-back as a judge's wig, Ramu. (Takes away one of the chair-backs and gives it to Ramu; he ties it round his head). And Jaya, you wear this turban. (Takes a table-cloth and ties it round Jaya's head.) Now, Govind and I will go out and come back. You be seated on that table, Ramu.

(Exit Santi and Govind)

Ramu: (sitting on table). Now Jaya, you are the witness. When I ask you if you speak nothing but the truth you must say, 'I speak the truth and

nothing but the truth.' Then you must tell us that you found the criminal stealing the queen's necklace, and called the police-man.

(Re-enter Santi in her father's rain-coat, and led by Govind wearing his father's hat. Santi stands on the stool in front of Ramu, and Govind beside her).

Govind: (saluting Ramu). Please, your honour, this man stole the Queen's necklace.

Ramu: How much is it worth ?

Govind: 500 rupees, your honour.

Ramu: Call the first witness.

Jaya: (standing up and repeating hurriedly) I speak nothing but the truth.

Ramu: Wait silly, I have to ask you, and then you speak. Swear that you speak nothing but the truth.

Jaya: But I've said so already, and you know mother has always told me never to tell lies.

Ramu: Oh, what a silly you are! Pretend now ; say, 'You speak nothing but the truth." (Govind and Santi giggle).

Jaya: You speak nothing but the truth. (The others laugh)

Ramu: Of all the idiots ! Say, 'I speak nothing but the truth.'

Jaya: I speak nothing but the truth.

Ramu: Did you see yonder criminal stealing the queen's necklace ?

Jaya: I never saw her stealing anything. You just told me to speak the truth. How can I tell you a lie?.

Ramu: Oh, you fool, pretend; can't you imagine it? Say, 'I saw her stealing the queen's necklace and called the policeman.'

Jaya: (automatically). I saw her steal the Queen's necklace and called the policeman.

Ramu: Thank you, you may sit down. Now, have you anything to say, Mr. Accused.

Santi: Please your honour, I plead *not guilty*. It was my twin-brother who stole the necklace. He and I look exactly alike each other.

Ramu: Ho, ho, a good excuse. Constable, did you not take the necklace out of yonder accused's pocket ?

Govind: Yes, your honour, I took it out of his own pocket.

Ramu: Then, I commit him to ten years rigorous imprisonement.

Put him in prison at once.

Santi: (pretending to weep). Oh, have pity on me, your Lordship, I have a wife and nine children to look after. Have mercy, Sir.

(The others tie up her hands, and take her to the wall-shelf. They pull away the curtain, and put Santi in and lock the door. Then they clap their hands, and laugh delightedly).

Ramu: I've got her at last. Hurray, Let's play *I spy* now. We can't go out, because it's pouring with rain. I'll close my eyes here, (going to a table), and you both hide.

(Govind hides behind a chair at the other end of the room, and Jaya gets under the *dewan*:)

Govind and Jaya: *I spy*.

(Ramu opens his eyes and stares. In the mean while Santi bangs on the door and screams 'Open, open you naughty things. Open the door'. Govind comes out of his hiding place and tries to reach the table where Ramu has closed his eyes. Ramu chases him. They knock down

the centre table. There is a terrible crash. The flower-bowl falls and is broken. Santi bangs louder at the door of the wall-shelf. Jaya peeps out of her hiding-place. Enter mother. There is a dead silence, except for the banging of the door and Santi's screams for help from within the wall-shelf.

Mother: Why, what is all this? What has happened? (More bangs and screams from within the wall shelf). Where's Santi? I believe you've locked her up. Open the door at once, Ramu.

(Ramu opens the door, and Santi comes out weeping, still in her father's rain-coat).

Mother: What a funny costume! My poor Santi, (unties her wrists), how sore they are. What on earth has happened? And look at the mess, and my lovely vase broken, and all of you with such funny things on your heads. Don't cry, Santi. I'll punish the others. Now, all three of you go and stand in three corners until father comes, and then, you will all be smacked.

(Ramu, Govind and Jaya go to three corners, and stand with their faces to the wall — enter father).

Father: Hullo, hullo, hullo, what is all this? What on earth has happened? What an awful mess!

Mother: I want you to smack Govind and Ramu hard four times each, and Jaya softly twice. They've been very naughty.

Father: With pleasure, they're the naughtiest children I've come across. (Takes cane from corner). Takes off his coat and rolls up his shirt-sleeves, then winks humourously at his wife). Come here Ramu. Hold your hand out. (Ramu holds out his hand bravely. Father lifts his hand to strike).

Santi: Serves you right, you little wretch!

Curtain.

(3) SUNSET.

T. M. Krishnamurthi,

Aged 14.

The bashful crimson flames, in flowery coolness, come
And curl in the playful briny spray,
As if flowers and flames were one,
And blush so sweet as they play!

The last ruby tip of the silent ceremonial Sun
Does adorn the crest of the hungry ocean fair!
And lo! the clouds do fade,—the colours shine
And anon, a thin darkness envelops there!

(4) A ZIPPLANE.

It was a pleasant summer evening. The sun was shining in the west. The red clouds surrounded him on all sides, and among them he shone like a ball of gold. His smooth slanting rays gently touched the heads of men. The school-boys were taking rest in the field. Many people were sitting on the seats, by the road side. The wind blew softly, except for sudden gusts, which made the trees tremble. In one of these, a leaf arose and began to whirl round. Then it rose high into the sky. A humourist, who was passing by called to a student and said, "It is a new kind of *Zipplane*". The boy was exceedingly

glad at the news, and spread it over the field. All gathered together with their heads up to the sky. People who were going by on the road were also attracted towards this mystery. Soon the news went all over the city. Some Brahmins, who had never seen a *Zipplane* before, looked up the *Panchanga* and found that it was a sign of ill-omen to the country. Then they rushed towards the field, criying, "It is a bad omen." Everybody sought advice from them and were told to blow up the *Zipplane*, or it would be worse for them.

Some took *lathis* and some others ran to bring pistols from their houses. The city was in a serious condition, for a regular revolution seemed to take place. Even policemen armed themselves and marched towards the field. Some people, without understanding the real meaning of a *Zipplane*, said that a "Jetty" was flying in the sky. The wonder and anxiety everybody felt was not to be expressed in black and white. The field seemed to become a fighting-ground, as everyone started aiming something at the *Zipplane*. Suddenly the wind gradually began to cease. Then the supposed *Zipplane* decended to earth. No gunner there was, who failed to shoot at it; but scarcely any shot struck it. All ran towards it with great anxiety, only to find that it was a leaf.

"Think twice before you do"

B. S. JAYAMMA,
IVth form.

(5) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

It is interesting to draw aside the veil of time, and to try and peer into the dim ages of the past, millions of years ago, in order to fathom the earliest history of this earth on which we live. Today we see green trees and purple hills, and the blue, blue sea, and mighty, swift, flowing rivers. Man, as the most intellectual living being, rules supreme over animals and birds, and all around us we realise that there is beauty and health and happiness, and also, sorrow, dearth and despair; but aeons of years ago, according to the earliest geological history of this earth, there were no living beings, no trees and flowers; in fact, there was probably no solid portion of the earth then in existence, which is known to human beings today. The only way, therefore, to trace the conditions of the earth in its earliest period, is to call in the help of astronomers. and look into their researches; for the earth, whatever it was not, at the very begining was at least a planet, belonging to a group of planets that revolve around the sun. Its earliest stages, therefore, can only be studied with reference to the whole planetary system.

According to the Nebular hypothsis, it is supposed that our whole solar system, once existed as a Nebula, or a mass of cloudy matter, which was made up of incandescent vapours or gases, or masses of stones in rapid movement. Eventually these materials began to condense, and threw off rings which rotated around the central nebula. As condensation went on, these rings broke up and hit each other with such violence, that the immense heat produced probably made them condense again. At last, however, they became planets, with moons or satellites around them, and the planetary system was

formed. The sun is the original hot nucleus of the Nebula, around which the planets revolve. As the materials, which went to form a planet, cooled, they arranged themselves according to their weight — the heaviest being in the centre, and the lightest outside; and, as cooling continued, the outer layers, naturally, grew quite cold. Thus, the first layer round our earth is the *Atmosphere*, which is made up of gases or vapours. Then comes a layer of water called the *Hydrophere*, which covers about two-thirds of the surface of the earth. Then comes the solid part or *Lithosphere*, which lies under the water, and appears above it as dry land, and is made up of rocks etc. Below the Lithosphere there are probably very heavy metallic materials.

At the beginning, there was no solid land at all, and it took a long time for a hard surface to appear. The earth was first a glowing, red-hot nucleus enveloped by the atmosphere, which possessed a great deal of vapour. This vapour condensed and became the Ocean, which was at first very hot.

It was very hard, however, to prove what really happened in the early beginnings, and not until solid land was formed could any satisfactory speculation be made. After the formation of solid land, the history of the earth has been divided into five ages of time, bringing it up to recent times. First of all, there was the *Archaean* age when the earth consisted mostly of rocks, and when few or no traces of any life could be found. Then came the *Palaeozoic* age, when ancient life first began. This period is also called the *Primary*, and is made up of a long succession of ages, when the earliest kind of living things were formed. The third age is the *Mesozoic* or *Secondary* period, when living beings became more advanced types. Next came the *Cainozoic* or *Tertiary* age. In this age, living things that exist to-day, were found, but man had not yet appeared. Last came the *Quaternary* or *Post-tertiary* and *Recent* age when man appeared on earth. Each of these divisions were yet again divided into periods, and you can imagine for how many ages and ages this earth has been revolving patiently around the sun.

How small and petty we human beings seen, when we reliase that this earth existed for so long, without a trace of us being found on its surface.

It will take up too much space and time for me to go here, into any more details of the history of the earth, but you can always read up for yourselves in geological books, and I dare say you have already learnt all that I have told you at school.

Yours sincerely, PADMINI.

LESSONS FROM VIOLETS FOR WOMEN

By E. Green Cheyne

Women are regarded more or less as weaker than men. May I say that this is spiritually true? But how many of our sisters have learnt the spirit of contentment and humility so deeply as to agree with this consideration?

We cannot say that men are perfect, but we may say that they are somehow or other stronger than us in mind; but surely they want their women-friends to help them, as much as we need our men-friends to guide us. But what can we do when we are regarded as unequal? Let us, however, remember that there is no difference in the spirit of patriotism which springs from the spirit of love; and love rings out pride and haughtiness, but rings in humility and self-denial instead.

When we work by the spirit of love for the sake of our country, let us, as women, rest content, though no one knows that we are contributors to its peace. Let us remember the lessons derived from the violets, those humble plants, so seemingly mean in their hidden and unvisited places, but contentedly and ceaselessly adding their ever-fresh sweetness to the air.

So, like these humble plants let us rest content and like them too let us not cease in doing good to others by our thoughts, by our words, and most of all by our services, which must be the fruit of our thoughts and words.

The violets do not reach the same height as other flowers; but their sweetness is often greater. Therefore, sisters, let us learn from these flowers the spirit of humility and contentment, until one day our indefiatigable services for others, which may have been unnoticed for years, will be rewarded by peace in our country. Then, we shall be seen by the world's observant eyes as humble contributors towards the good of our dear mother-land.

MUSIC NOTES

(1) THE ART OF MUSIC MAKING.

It is not enough that we merely listen to music, we must understand it at the same time. An impartial opinion is valueless, whilst a studied opinion, if not always authoritative, contains much of the precious truth that is gleaned from knowledge. Just at the present time when we are bombarded on all sides by a continual stream of music, it is necessary that we should know, at least those of us who make any pretence at all of loving music, something of the ingredients that have gone into the making of the music we hear.

Starting at the bottom and working

upwards, it is obvious that we must, when judging the merits of a piece of music, consider everything connected with it when it was written, why it was written, who composed it, and its general theme. It is not the words of a few chosen critics that separate good music from bad, it is the music's own intrinsic power, e. g., its own particular merits. We may not agree with the opinion of a select few who applaud music to the skies, but at the same time we must pause before we hastily condemn a work as formless and discordant. Why was it written? Was it by some particular inspiration? It is these all-important items that we must discover for ourselves before we banish the works of any composer from our lives.

We all have different tastes of course. It is these different tastes and types that Thomas Fielden (the well-known director of Music at Charterhouse School) sets out to explain in his book, "*Music and Character*"– Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 6/- net. I found the chapter "*Illustration of Good Music*" (appendix I) to be of real value to the ordinary listener. There is much in little here, for in a few words, and with the aid of a few bars of music introduced into the midst of the text, Fielden shows us how a really healthy tune can be changed to a sentimental dirge by simply lowering the line of melody a tone in places. The Chapter on how to cultivate an 'ear' for music is interesting, but the Chapter that gives a definition of Music and Character is nothing short of absorbing. Like everything else, music must be made a subject of deep study before one can hope to look upon it, or talk upon it, with any genuine authority or enjoyment.

(2) MUSIC NOTES

Happy is the little pianist of to-day, for a vast wealth of pretty music is available for his pleasure and education. Colin Dale has presented us with an attractive suite of fairly easy pianoforte pieces under the title *Camp Fires* (Augener & Co. 2/6) There are five pieces in the suite *On the march*; *Striking camp*; *Night in the Forest*; *Up with the lark*; *And a long day ahead of us.* A second suite by the same composer *Star Pieces* (Augener & Co. 2/-), containing three short compositions is more ambitious, but hardly as attractive as the first suite.

The four pieces that are the first numbers to be published in the new *Flower Series* of pianoforte composition are of undoubted interest to the ordinary pianist, who is in a fairly advanced stage of playing. *Cornflower* by King-Fewster is a spritely little dance in 2/4 time in the key of Bb major. The second part of this piece is tricky and should be good practice for the cultivation of light fingering. Number two of the series, *Dancing Bluebells*, by Charles G. Mortimer calls for precise handling, as the dotted notes imply. No. 3, *Nodding Daffodils*, by Leonard Peck is moderately easy, the melody, for the greater portion of the piece, lying in the left hand. No. 4, *Tall Lilies*, also by Leonard Peck, is again moderately easy, possessing rather a plainly-straightforward style of accompaniment and melody. This series of pianoforte pieces come from the well-known house of Bosworth & Company, who are responsible for many published successes in all branches of musical art.

Although they were published some time ago I have only just come into contact with two compositions by Blanche H. Rennie, the well-known teacher of pianoforte playing at the Midland School of Music. *Tarry Awhile* is a suite of six easy teaching pieces for the piano (Bosworth & Co. 2/6). The composer's experience in this direction is so sound and authoritative that we may take up such a suite of pieces with confidence, and may place them in the hands of young pupils with the knowledge that they will benefit from, and enjoy, the happy little pieces wedded so attractively to words written by the composer of the music. Blanche Rennie's second piece, *Running Water* (Bosworth & Co. 1/6), is a pianoforte solo which is decidely more suited for practice than for recreation. The line of melody flows along evenly in ascending and descending quavers.

Liszt's *Liebestraum* has been arranged as a duet for soprano and contralto, to words by Norman Weir (Paxton & Co 2/-). The effect is rather good, and should prove a popular programme piece, for it well be a novelty to many to present this famous melody in duet form. Two short songs by Stanford Robinson, published under one cover (Paxton 2/-), should, with their musicianly accompaniment, be useful as encore numbers. The first *What is all the Wealth* of *Earth* ? written by the well-known writer, L. Gardo Peach, has a slightly happier effect than Leigh Hunt's *Jennie kiss'd me.*

L. J. BERRY.

GRAMAPHONE NOTES

I have had the undoubted pleasure of hearing three very important and outstanding Indian Records. The first of these is Mahatma Gandhi's *Spiritual Message to the World* (LBE 50) The Mahatma's voice rings out with clarity, and he is an impressive speaker; I say impressive, because he conducts a speech like an ordinary conversation, without any of that domineering effusiveness that characterises the efforts of so many well-known public men. The record has no political significance whatever, being merely Mahatma Gandhi's version of what modern moral conduct should be in everyday use. Next, I was more than intrigued to hear Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's reading of a few of her own poems on record LBE 51. Of the five poems she reads, or recites, I particularly liked *The Lonely Child.* She brings home to the listener the intense longing of the lonely little child for someone to play with, asking of the Wind, "Will you be my brother ?". and craving for a mother's arms in which to nestle down to sleep through the long dark hours of night;—altogether one of the prettiest little lyrics I have heard for sime time. Mrs. Naidu recites *The Palanquin-Bearers* in a somewhat monotonous style, marring an otherwise notable performance.

H. H. The Aga Khan in *His Message to the Islam World,* brings a note of inspiration and courage into his speech (record VE 12). This record has been released in England, but it is, of course, of prime interest to many of the peoples of India, who look to H. H. The Aga Khan as a Westernised disciple of their faith.

LELAND J. BERRY

OUR CHESS PAGE

The short game affords an interesting study on failures which are the pillars of success. I give one here.

	White.	Black.
1.	P-K4	P-K4
2.	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3
3.	B-B4	B-B4
4.	Kt-B3	KKt-B3
5.	Castles	Castles.
6.	Kt-Q5	Kt x P
7.	P-Q3	B x P (Ch)
8.	R x B	Kt x R
9.	K x Kt	P-Q3
10.	B-KKt5	Q-Q2
11.	P-KR3	P-B3
12.	Kt x KBP (ch)	K-R1- *double check.*
13.	Kt x Q!!	B x K
14.	K-Kt1	R-B4
15.	B-K3	Kt-K2
16.	Kt-Kt5	P-Q4
17.	Q-R5	P-R3
18.	P-KKt4	R-KB5
19.	Kt x R	PQ x B
20.	Kt x KP	B-K3
21.	B-Q4	P-QKt3
22.	Kt - Kt6 (ch)	Kt x Kt
23.	Q x KRP (ch)	K-Kt1
24.	Q-KtP Mate.	

The response for the Chess Club is still meagre. There are two Colleges in Madras, Queen Mary's College, and Women's Christian College. Why should they not adopt the noble examples of the sister colleges of the Continent, where they encourage the Chess Tourney ?

A very interesting point has been raised time and again, whether it is right to warn or not to warn, when an opponent is in danger of exceeding the time limit in a tournament. It is very likely that the man in time-trouble will resent the warning, as it will spoil his train of thought, or arouse vexed feelings.

Irrespective of etiquette, a warning should never be given, for all is fair in love and war. In a game, the opponent will certainly seek to catch the other sleeping and it is up to the winner to be on the alert. No one can know in war, if it is the bullet, the shrapnel, the poison gas, or the revolver that he will have to face. A good soldier must be ready for all contingencies. As in life, so in chess.

All correspondence relating to chess should be addressed to Bharadwaja, C/o., The Indian Ladies Magazine, Madras.

(To be continued.)

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Flowered silks are being used a great deal for saris, these days. Most modern Indian girls are giving up plain colours, and taking to materials printed with various kinds of designs. The dark blue sari, with silver star embroidery, shown in one of our diagrams, is very pretty, indeed. Any dark colours, embroidered with stars of silver or gold, ought to be very effective; but the present-day fashion seems to be all for light colours, chiefly because it is felt in most circles that dark colours only suit very light-complexioned women. Thin Georgette or crepe saris, decorated heavily with gold or silver spangles seem to be the vogue among Mohomadan and Persian Ladies. They are very beautiful indeed, and at a wedding, or a party, the shimmer of gold and silver makes the scene very gay and cheerful; but one cannot help feeling that the effect is rather too gorgeous and over-done.

Materials printed with different coloured flowers, such as the sari of red and white material, shown in our other diagram, look very orginal and pretty Sometimes, such flowered materials without any silver or gold borders, are a change from the usual style. Some materials are self-bordered, and can be worn without any additional border being sewn on.

It is becoming the fashion now for Indian girls to tint their nails. Some are satisfied with only staining their finger nails, and others colour both their toe and finger nails. It used to be our ancient habit to colour our nails with henna, and this custom is being re-started by manicurists. Sandals with all the toes exposed are becoming very popular, and sometimes red toe nails peeping out from under the folds of the long sari look rather pretty.

The great craze is to match everything one wears, from the little velvet and gold slippers on the feet, to the flowers in the hair. Time was, when our Indian women did not trouble themselves too much about dress or fashion; but today, how different is the story ! "I want a blue sari," says a girl, "to match a blue locket I have." It is no doubt a good sign that Indian ladies are taking so keen an interest in the dress-problem. It shows that they are more alive.

SISTER SUSIE.

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

It is often a problem how to clean carpets and floors, especially in India, where dust gathers so rapidly, and stains suddenly seem to appear from nowhere at all. I was looking through a Household Manual recently, and came across the following hints for cleaning carpets and floors, which I thought would be useful for Indian women.

In order to brighten up the carpet and remove the dust, it is a good plan to save some used tea-leaves from the tea-pot, squeeze out the water from them, and then rub them into the carpet. The carpet should then be well swept with an oridnary broom.

If a carpet needs washing, four table-spoons of ammonia should be added to a bucket of water, and the carpet should be scrubbed with soap, a scrubbing brush and cloth. The water in the bucket should be changed often.

Sometimes, instead of taking up a carpet frequently and having it beaten and swept, it is a safe remedy to mop the carpet well with a cloth wrung from clean water. Before mopping, however, the carpet should be thoroughly swept.

White-wash stains can be removed from the *floor* by a good scrubbing with soap and water. Oil stains can be softened with turpentine and then scraped off. Ink stains can be removed from the floor by scouring with a mixture of wet sand and a little oil of vitriol, and then rinsing with strong potassium bicarbonate.

PADDY.

OUR CINEMA PAGE

One of the chief tendencies to be deprecated seems to be the imitation of Western life and manners, without regard to the difference of the social and moral atmospheres of East and West. Such a "servile apishness", in the words of Mr. Abdul Raheem, in *Sound & Shadow*, "degenerates into a vulgar, meaningless and positively repulsive mimicry". He instances the love scenes imported into Indian Films, as well as some "ridiculous situations and sham and disgusting feats", which are foreign to India.

Another blemish is the characteristic depiction of Kings and important personalities. "An Indian playwright cannot, as a rule, think of any subject without having a King or Raja as the central figure of his theme. This is one of the reasons why Kings and Rajas loom so large in Indian films. But the tragedy is that these screen Kings and Rajas are almost always extremely mean, idiotic and awfully licentious sub-human creatures, utterly devoid of any sense of decency or decorum and hopelessly incapable of their high and responsible office. You will find a Raja here doting upon a dancing-girl, who forms his only concern in life ; another Raja there conspiring with a band of rascals against his neighbouring ruler, whose daughter has refused to become an easy prey to the gratification of his passions, and so on. These characters are quite imaginary and do not claim to have prototypes in the real history of India, one may argue. Even then, they constitute a mean satire on her glorious past and leave a very unhealthy impression on the growing mind."

The Cinema, therefore, in India in spite of its great potentialities for good in teaching the illiterate masses, is unfortunately doing harm. "It has been given to wholly inefficient hands. With a very few honourable

11 FEB 1933

NALINI TURKHUD

in *Sacred Ganges*

By courtesy of Sound and Shadow

UNIVERSITY MUSIC CONFERENCE AT ALLAHABAD.

Group Photo of the Prize Winners, who were awarded cups, gold medals and certificates.

Her Highness, the Rani Saheb of Mandi, who presided at the Cawnpore Music Conference held recently.

Photos:—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.*

exceptions, Indian actors and actresses of today are quite useless and illiterate persons, with no qualifications whatever other than their fearlessness of the stigma, which is unfortunately attached to film-career in our country and on account of which young men and women of good education, culture, and respectable social position are still afraid of trying their chances on the screen. Unless well-talented and highly-educated men and women, who understand human psychology and can correctly translate it into their actions and facial expressions, come forward and take the place of those who now so largly figure in our films, the cinema industry in our country is bound to fall on evil days."

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

(Selected)

The Golden Book of Tagore
A homage to Rabindranath Tagore from India and the World in celebration of his seventieth birthday. Edited by Ramananda Chatterjee. Calcutta, 1931.

The Message of the "Gita". By D. S. Sarma, M. A :— **M. R. Seshan**, Madras.

"Women's Place in Industry and Home". (Routledge 10/6).

The author has made here an intensive study of women's work, paid and unpaid. She deals with its distribution, as compared with that of men's, and with the remuneration obtained in different trades. She examines carefully the reasons why women are paid less than men, showing that it is due in part to the fact that their average age in industry is lower because many only remain in it for a few years, leaving to marry. Secondly, the expectation of marriage militates against expenditure on training, whilst in professions there is less financial assistance available in the shape of grants and scholarships.

After some discussion of family allowances and other methods of securing better conditions for women workers, Miss Anthony suggests remedies. In conclusion, she strikes a more hopeful note, when she says that views on marriage are changing and a belief is growing that freedom and justice have no respect for persons, and that Government ought "to secure for every individual the maximum of mental, moral and physical freedom consistent with the general and increasing welfare of society as a whole."

Stri-Dharma.

Though written primarily for the bachelor girl in England, who has to fend for herself, any housewife will find *Kitchenette Cookery* an aid to imagination. Miss Adele Adair wrote "for people with small incomes," and nearly all her recipes can be prepared on a gas ring and with the minimum of utensils. She gives clear instructions for the preparation of any number of dishes from soups to savouries. Sandwiches, salads and sweets are not forgotten, while no less than 45 breakfast dishes are suggested—a proof that simple cookery need not be monotonous. Recipes for cocktails, 'cups' and even for cold tea drinks are included in this very comprehensive little volume.

There is a wide demand for hints on sewing, and Miss Vera Willis is an expert who can give valuable information about one branch of this art. *Embroidery Stitches* is very well illustrated with a variety of stitches and designs, while the text clearly explains how to make them.

People, who talk as though their mouths were stuffed with cotton-wool, are only too common. Such individuals should find Mr. Cuthbert Samuel's book, *The Art of the Elocutionist*, exceedingly useful. How we speak is described with illustrations, and some useful breathing exercises are given, together with suggestions for curing impediments in speech. Rhythm, tone, facial expression, etc., are discussed for the benefit of those who wish to recite, and selected passages for practice are included in this book, which is suitable for either pupil or teacher.

Daily Times of Bombay.

Great Travel Stories of all Nations. Edited by Elizebeth D' Oyley, 10s 6d net. This unique and comprehensive volume contains narratives by some of the most famous explorers and adventurers of the present day, as well as many remarkable stories by travellers of times past. The British section includes Gertrude Bells, Cunninghame Graham, Howard Carter, Sir Francis Younghusband, H. M. Tomlinson, F. S. Smythe, Captain Scott, and Bertram Thomas, besides Mungo Park, Kinglake, Layard, Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, Doughty, Stevenson, and others. Twenty-four nations are represented.

Perspective in Drawing. By Miss D. D. Sawer, Art Teacher at Brighton Diocesan Training College. Messrs. B. T. Batsford, London. 5s net.

This is a book on Perspective for those taking up the study of drawing, written by a teacher of long experience. The success of Miss D. D. SAWER'S earlier work, "Everyday Art at School and Home", was widely recognised, while the real originality of its methods caused something akin to a sensation in educational circles. "*Perspective in Drawing*" is written in the same manner, and sets out to show the student what to look for and what to expect; and though the subject is treated in sketch form, the underlying principles are formulated and insisted on throughout, and the reasons for pictorial effects simply and concisely explained. A feature of the method is that, in addition to the usual problems of perspective of shape and proportion, the effects of atmosphere, tone and colour are also dealt with, so that the book will be found immediately useful to those engaged in out-door sketching or landscape-drawing from memory.

COOKERY NOTES

(1) Infant and invalid foods from Cholam:—By M. Suryanarayana, *Assistant to the Government Agricultural Chemist.*

Many people are acquainted with products of the types of Benger's Food, Mellin's Food, Horlick's Malted Milk, Grape nuts, Force and Malt Extract. These are called infant and invalid foods, as they are predigested by a series of chemical and biochemical processes in the factory and put up in a form in which they are easily assimilated by infants and by people with weak digestive powers. The basis of all these foods is *Malt*, a product usually prepared from barley, which is not cultivated in South India, with the exception of a few acres on the Nilgiris.

In 1922, the Department of Industries, Madras, interested itself in the problem of the preparation of malted foods in India and the investigation of the possibilities of large scale operations with cholam, which, it was shewn, could replace barley.

It has been shown as a result of these experiments that control of temperature is possible even in the hottest part of the year at Coimbatore and that malts of uniform quality can be successfully manufactured from cholam.

As regards the value of cholam

malt in breakfast, infant and invaild foods for continuous use, it can best be described by a quotation from Mr. Viswanath's report published in 1925:—

"Since the time cholam malt was discovered in 1917, I have been using it for myself and my children and no untowards results have been noticed. In one instance, in the case of a patient in my own household cholam malt was continuously used as the sole food for over two months with considerable benefit to the patient when other foods were out of question."

Method of preparation.

(1) Take good, sound, cleaned cholam.

(2) Soak it in clean water for one day and one night, changing the water at least four times in the interval.

(3) After soaking, heap up the grain till sprouts appear, covering the heap with a wet cloth. Then spread thinly and evenly on a clean mat with occasional sprinkling of water.

(4) When the sprouts are about ¾ of an inch long, dry them in the shade for half a day, and then in the sun till well-dried.

(5) The dried grain should be slightly moistened and pounded for removing the husk and sprouts. (*N. B.*— Remove sprouts as completely as possible, as they taste bitter.)

(6) After removing the husk, the clean grain is slightly roasted in a frying pan over a slow fire till the grains are just browned.

(7) The final product is now ready for grinding, for which a coffee grinder or a stone mill can be used. At first, the malt is ground coarse—into grists--and passed through a sieve, to get fine meal with the highest diastasic activity and nutritive value. The coarse fraction is winnowed to remove a portion of the husk, and ground a second time into a fine powder. Sieving again will give a second grade flour, which contains a portion of the husk. The portion retained by the sieve may be fed to cattle or poultry.

(8) *Preparation of the food.* The first grade fine meal may be mixed with twice its quantity of arrowroot flour and the second grade meal with its own quantity of arrowroot flour, and bottled perfectly airtight. For domestic purposes, it is better to grind fresh, or quantity required for a week's use may be prepared at a time. To serve the food, the malt is made into a thin paste with hot water; and the paste, after standing for 2 to 3 minutes, is poured on to some boiling water with constant stirring. After boiling for another two minutes, and allowing to settle, the clear liquid is strained through a cloth; milk and sugar are then added to taste. If the second grade malt is not desired, the coarse fraction may be boiled with water for a few minutes and strained through a cloth and served as before, with addition of milk and sugar. The residue may be fed to cattle. *(Adapted from the Madras Agricultural Journal)*

(2) Almond Nougat

Stir one cupful of pulverized sugar with the juice of a large lemon over the fire. Do not leave any lumps, or it will become grainy. Stir in all the almonds, which are blanched or scalded and cut fine, that it will take up. Turn out on a greased plate, and roll perfectly square with a rolling pin.

Almond Toffee

Cook together one pound of brown sugar, four tablespoons of butter, and half a cup of cream or milk, for twenty minutes without stirring. Boil until the mixture will form a hard ball when dropped into water. Add one-fourth of a cup of almonds, blanched and cut into strips. Pour out into a buttered dish, and mark into squares when nearly cold.

The Treasure Chest.

NEWS AND NOTES

(Selected)

Women-Poets of Andhra.

Mr. V. N. Bhusan acquaints us with some of the prominent women-poets of Andhra in an article in *Triveni*:

Kuppamamba of the thirteenth century was an unfortunate young girl-widow who sang sweetly of her saddest thoughts; and these poetic wailings are suspected to have been made use of by Ayyalaraju Ramabhadra Kavi—one of the *Ashtadiggajas* of the Court of Krishnadevaraya—in his famous work, *Sakala Katha Sara Sangraha*. Next, Kumari Molla of the sixteenth century has, by her translation of the *Ramayana*, which even today is extremely popular, taken an abiding place in the galaxy of our literary stalwarts. To the same century belongs Mohanangi, daughter of the great royal poet and patron of letters, Krishnadevaraya. She was the author of the no-longer-extant *Marichi Parinaya*, a *kavya* of great charm and invaluable merit.

Next, we have Muddu Palani of the eighteenth century — a courtesan attached to the harem of Pratapasimha of Tanjore, whose work *Radhika Swantvanam* is still read for its splendid descriptions, situations and delineation of character. Muddu Palani is also the translator of the famous *Saptapadi* songs of the celebrated Dravida poetess, Andal, collected under the caption, *Tiruppavai*.

In the nineteenth century we come across Tarigonda Venkamamba, a widow. Three of her important works—*Venkatachela Mahatmya, Muktikanta Vilasam* and *Bhagavata*—are most enthusiastically read for their spiritual tone and ethical outlook. To this same period belong two others—Bapamma, with her *Minakshi Sataka*, and Ratnamamba with her *Venkataramana Sataka*. These two works, though small in compass, form a distinct contribution to the brilliant *Sataka* chapter in Telugu literature.

The Modern Review.

The Nayar Women

"The Nayar women of Kerala" is the subject of an interesting article in the October Number of the *Prabuddha Bharata* by Captain A. R. Poduval. The Nayar women of Kerala are a privileged class who legally, morally and traditionally are independent of their husbands and who also possess the sole right of the family property. In culture they equal men. The writer says:

"One might say, without much exaggeration, that the Nayar home of Kerala is permeated with the woman's atmosphere. But it should not be understood that men in such families are always henpecked and under the thumbs of the women. It is traditionally accepted that women with their practical instinct for the actualities of life are better equipped to conduct the several details of home management. They say that man at best is a clumsy animal, and a bachelor's den is the best example of a house under the management of a man.

Among Nayar girls, early marriages are unknown. Although to a large extent the selection of the would-be husband is a matter of parental concern, the would-be wife is always consulted about her likes and dislikes in the matter. It is seldom that accidental love-making launches one or the other of the couple into precipitate unions—to marry in a hurry and repent at leisure. Divorces are exceptionally rare in Kerala; for it is a free union, in which

both the husband and the wife have sufficient freedom to exercise their personality. And this would probably account for the rarity of divorce ; for, though there is no social ban against it, man is so made that he takes particular care of that which he is most likely to lose."

The writer says with pride that the type of womanhood that sits exalted in Kerala, like a queen, is the Nayar lady of Kerala, for she has never known what it is to be of an inferior sex, any more than she can conceive of Eve in the Garden of Eden as inferior to Adam.

The Modern Review

Education of the Child.

Dr. Maria Montessori is known all over the world as the introducer of a system of child education. So her words on this branch of education deserve our attentive perusal. The following is quoted from *Prabuddha Bharata*:

"Here we have the great question of humanity and of education : *the child's work* and *the reciprocal relations between adult and child.* The child is growing into a man through his own efforts and the power of growth within himself: such intimate aid it is not in our power to give. We are producers of things in the outer world, and it is only these things that we can furnish as aids. But this child who is creating the man to be, is creating independently of us in a world of his own. The important matter is that he should be allowed full opportunity for complete development, that he may create a man who is strong and well-balanced. Our task is to enable the child to *live.*

The guiding impulse is seen to be different in the work done by the child and that done by the man. The child is active that he may grow ; the adult, that he may produce. When we try to fit the child into our adult world, to force and squeeze him according to ideals we have formed of what his correct behaviour should, be in order to give us the least amount of trouble, we are deceiving ourselves into believing we are doing our best for him wh- actually we are distorting his develop ment.

The work of the child is not guided by the intention to reach some external aim, its end and aim is action, to act, to continue to act as long as the inner self needs to satisfy its need for growth. So the external object is for the child merely a means, never an end. We have here a clear, well-defined, undeniable characteristic of the child's work.

The child must do all his work by himself. Here we have another truth. Who could ever help another to grow? Supposing growth to be fatiguing, who could lessen and relieve another's fatigue by co-operation?

Only if the adult sets obstacle does the child fight and defend himself. Almost all the sufferings of the child are due to this strife against the adult who has not understood him. The child works alone towards his own development, he does not stand in need of association or division of labour.

This, the necessary law of external discipline, which reigns in the field of adult production, has no part in the work of the child, for here there reigns another kind of discipline which is revealed to us through spontaneous actions of the loftiest kind, when the child has been placed in an environment favourable to his development."

The Modern Review.

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Women and Education.

Lady Abdul Qadir, presiding at the All-India Constituent Women's Conference at Lahore, referred to the awakening among Indian women and said that women are working for a common nationality in India.

The courage displayed by many Indian women, who stepped into the arena of politics, had not only startled India but also impressed the whole of the civilised world ; and their self-sacrifice and courage elicited admiration.

Dealing with the system of education imparted in the schools, Lady Qadir said :

" Hitherto instruction imparted to girls has been the same as that given to boys. A shorter and more useful course is needed for them now, when men themselves are realising even for their own purposes that the present system of education is defective and requires changes. Why should women be dragged along with men in the same beaten path and why should they not carve out for themselves new paths which might lead them to their goal ?"

Status of Turkish Women.

The recent election of a Turkish girl as the 1932 International Beauty Queen is but one token of the revolutionary change that has been effected in the status of Turkish women by Kemal Pasha's regime of modernisation. The degree to which the emancipation of women in Turkey has proceeded in the last few years may scandalise the hide-bound ultra-orthodox Muslims in India; but thanks to that emancipation Turkish women have been enabled to render a great service to their country in almost every sphere of national life; whereas in India, says a writer in the *Bombay Chronicle*, Muslim women are yet unable to get rid of the *purdah*—a bane from the hygienic and other points of view. It is very gratifying indeed to learn that in Turkish cities thousands of girls are now employed in banks and other business houses and that they have also begun to enter professions like Medicine.—*The Indian Review.*

Women Workers In Japan

An interesting, if not disturbing, feature of Japanese civilisation at present is the rate at which women are supplementing men in various occupations formerly served by male workers. Now the lowest wage in Japan for a young housemaid will be 5 *yen* a month and food, while the highest wage will be 100 *yen* for an expert lady secretary to a prosperous business man. Housemaids over 20 with good experience get from 30 to 80 *yens* a month. The number of unemployed among women is much less than among men.

An Oxford Record

Among the three winners of Craven Scholarships announced at Oxford is a woman undergraduate of Lady Margaret Hall, Miss Barbara Flower. She is the first woman to have won this scholarship and only the second to have made the attempt.

Miss Flower explained that the reason why she was only the second woman to enter was that women were not supposed to be sufficiently trained for it. To pass the examination, candidates had to translate English poetry into Latin.

Madras Mail

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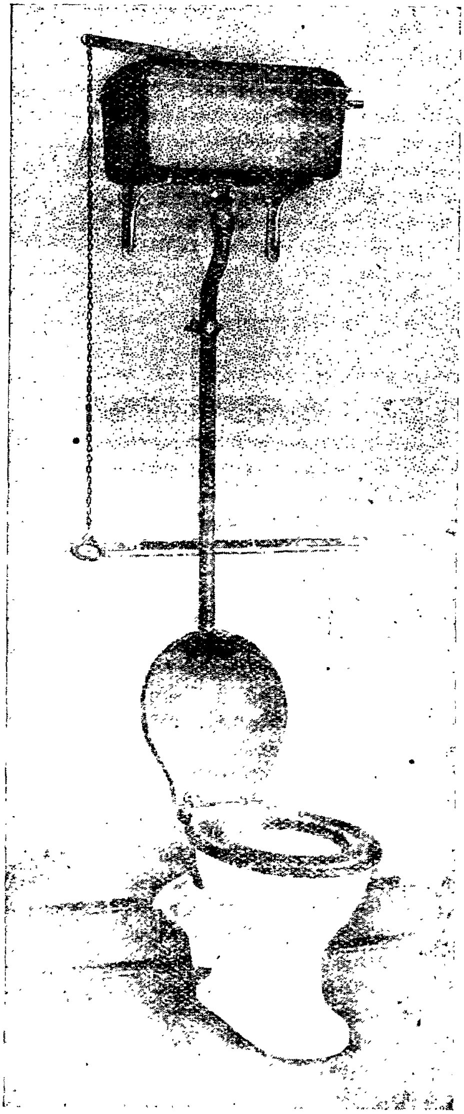

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